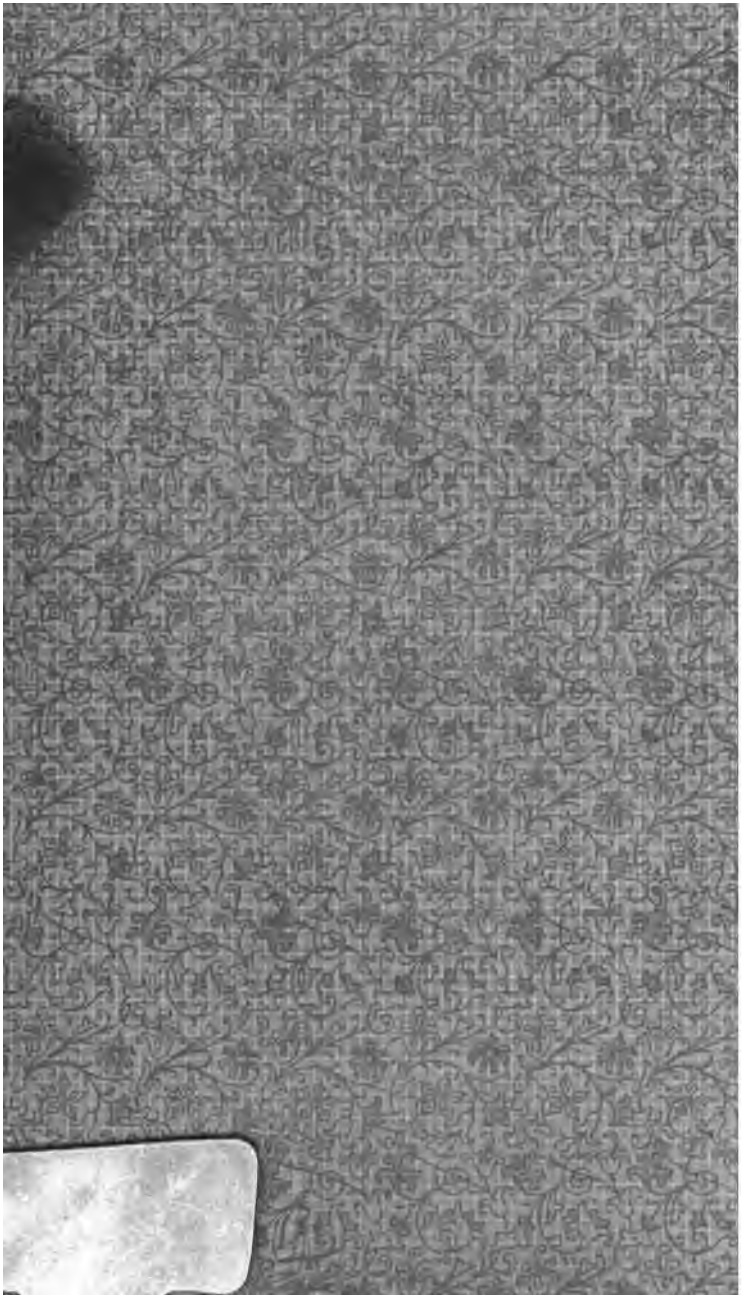

Stephen C. Flanders
May 27, 1936

1. Fiction, American
2. Ireland — History — Fiction

CWAN

and

GENEVIEVE

A TALE OF LOVE AND ROMANCE IN THE DAYS
OF RODERICK, LAST MONARCH
OF ALL IRELAND

—BY—

REV. JOHN P. LONARGAN

Authors and Authorities to whom I am indebted:
"THE FOUR MASTERS,"
"WALSH'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF IRELAND,"
"OSSIAN," "THE INVASION," AND
"THE CLASSICS"

I have attempted a contribution to Irish Literature with apology for all deficiencies.

NEW YORK:
T. J. CAREY & CO.

DEDICATED TO MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MOTHER

AND FATHER.

PROLOGUE.

My aim in writing this tale, is to familiarize all with a glorious epoch in Irish History, apart from its disaster.

I hope I have reflected in the character of Genevieve, a chaste love. In the study of Cwan, a soldier of Fortune, who in his vicissitudes shows the national reverence for celibacy. The strict rules of the church extending even to the minor orders.

The extreme of the zealot is manifest in the eccentric hermit of the tale.

The tenderness of the Prelate noted in the sequel.

I have taken certain historical liberties to blacken treason of Dermod, and accepted legendary tradition of good and bad spirits, to make the tale an Illiad.

The meeting of Cwan and the Druid affords a light on Druidism.

The invasion of Henry leaves doubt on the Bull of Adrian, and implies that the submission of the Irish, was involuntary.

Hoping the tale will be understood in its true purpose, I am

JOHN P. LONARGAN.

Chapter I.

O'ROURKE LOSES HIS WIFE. DERMOD PURSUED BY KING RODERICK.

THE Harp of Tara stirred melodious echoes in distant dells; the glories of her saints were still household words. Alas! poor Niobe, the glory of Erin is extinguished forever. Freedom may yet unfurl her banner to the breeze, the shamrock be uplifted, learning trim her lamp in ivied cloisters, religion flourish, a home-ruling parliament re-invigorate, but her fearless chivalry and noble warriors are ghosts of the past—out of place in an era of commerce and mercantile exactness. Australia and America may join hands to help Erin. Her exiled sons however can only maintain her honor on foreign battle-fields. Inveterate foes of the Sassenach, we have appealed to public opinion, obtaining a favorable verdict; a verdict which once rendered, crumbles the throne of kings. Restitution, however, seems as tardy as a chancery proceeding.

Our story brings us to the south of Ireland where the gentle Suire (in the words of Spencer)

passes sweet Clonmel and adorns rich Waterford. Sir Richard, Lady Osborne's ancestor, was still a pro-type. Our purpose brings us far anterior to the establishment of the Pale, the advent of the De la Poers—noted for their reckless daring and profligacy—Sarsfield and all his glory. The Butlers had not conquered the proud Lord of Esmond—proud Lord, indeed—who, wounded in battle, was borne a hostage within the enemies' camp. He was asked, where now was Lord Esmond? Whereat, the proud spirit rising in his death faded eyes, he haughtily replied "where he should be—on the necks of the Butlers." The Earl of Strongbow with his knights and archers had not as yet trespassed the quiet shores of Down Donnell, nor had his descendants become hiberniores.

The priam of our family was Lonargan, the son of Incineid, great-grand-uncle of Brian Boru. Herein we share the pride of O'Neil who, when Queen Elizabeth would have made him an earl, exclaimed, "earl me no earls—my foot is on my native heath, and my name is the O'Neil's, worthy stock from which sprang St. Columbkille." "Harp me a song on thy harp," cried St. Bridget to the gray-haired minstrel. A junior sept of the O'Lonargans became harpers to the O'Kellys, when the memory of the Danes

was still alive in Waterford through a cathedral built by them in 1096.

Europe's scholars at this time came in humility to imbibe learning at the famous school of Lismore by the banks of the Blackwater. The junior sept were called the music-loving O'Lonargans, since when no longer able to strike a blow in defence of their nation they took down the harp from the walls where now hung the rusting sword, and with sweet voices and martial spirit went abroad throughout the Isle striving to keep alive in the hearts of mighty and needy, by their traditions, the spark and flame of national patriotism. They sang the glories of Brian Boru, who, one Good Friday, died on the field of Clontarf.

Forget not our wounded companions who stood
  In the days of distress by our side.
While the moss of the valley grew red with their
    blood
  They stirred not; but conquered and died.

STORY.

Ere the echo of her bridal song to O'Rourke had died in the valley, the King of Leinster saw the daughter of the King of Meath. Smitten

by her charms he confessed his own unlawful love; nor was Dearbhorgil insensible to the passion he roused in her heart. Their clandestine meetings were held under the evening shade of a friendly tree. Her love knew no bounds and she was eager to fly from the arms of her husband to those of her lover. The unsuspecting O'Rourke having undertaken a pilgrimage, she besought MacMurchad to convey her to his capitol, Ferns. With all the eagerness of a gallant he complied, and when her husband returned he found that Leinster had accomplished his purpose. Then O'Rourke broke forth:

The valley lay smiling before me
  Where lately I left her behind,
Yet I trembled and something hung o'er me,
  That saddened the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp which she told me
  Should shine when the pilgrim returned,
But though darkness began to enfold me
  No lamp from the battlements burned.
I flew to her chamber; t'was lonely,
  As if the loved tenant lay dead.
Ah! would it were death, and death only;
  But no, the false young one had fled!
While now, oh! degenerate daughter
  Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame,

And through ages of bondage and slaughter
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

O'Rourke's disappointment was intense. As he thought of his wrongs, his blood was liquid flame. "Tears in mortal miseries," he cried, "are vain; the ravens shall sup blood." His messengers were scattered through the forest as torches flashing apart. Nor did he remain passive; but having spent his grief, still in his pilgrim garb, he placed over his shoulders a wine black samite, in token of his bereavement, and set forth on foot, staff in hand. He journeyed on by the small black maze of wild stream which, widening from the Devil's Bit, became a river. At last he reached the Rock of Cashel, where Saint Patrick had baptized Aengus. Hither O'Rourke came to lay his case before the Archbishop. The huge berg seemed to move on an ocean of twilight. Surely never lighted on man's orb a more delightful vision. Its grandeur heightened in the sunset. The immense mass arose in oriental sublimity—sphinx of Erin's greatness. Here her monarchs had been crowned, and here had reigned a long line of holy prelates, chiefly the O'Lonargans. Here, too, had stood the great apostle. As O'Rourke neared its battled walls he bared his head, but his heart

was turbulent; for never before had Irish king come hither on such an errand. Grenada in all her glory was never such as the Rock of Cashel. A quaint tradition records that the devil seeing Ireland was so angered at its paradisaical beauty, that he took a bite out of its mountains from that gulch whence sprung the gentle Suire, and dropped his bite here in Tipperary. Crowning this steep acclivity was the massive cathedral and palace, in all chased tracing, pillared beauty and strength. The burnished shafts of twilight were softened in their reflection from the stained panes of its oriel casements, framed in Runic architecture. Passing by the bell tower he came to the wide portals of the edifice. The music of the monks' matins was ornated with antiphons, sung by sweet-voiced acolytes. The hymn of Sedulius (O Solis Ortus Cardine) rose and died away to the melody of clareschs amid the historic marble. A purple carpet spread the pavement wide, on the credence was a golden ewer and lighted candlesticks. A dream of beauty half knelt, half reclined by the feet of the gray-haired prelate, whose purple was braided by a wide white circle round his mantle, but which braid became a hem down the front of his vestment. His tiara or mitre (that eastern headgear) added to his imposing height. He was of

saintly appearance. An ascetic sweetness transfigured the smile of repose on his countenance. The dream of beauty at his feet was such as once made the Pontiff of Rome exclaim, "Not angles, but angels." The youth's blue eyes, a sweet forgetfulness of human care, were set in a face of alabaster purity with blush of choicest color. His features of chiselled proportions possessed a mobile expression. In this solemn sanctuary he seemed a playful spirit. Formed as Adonis, with tapering, exquisite limbs, graceful and active, his hand rested on his harp. A shock of flaxen curls rolled down his shapely shoulders, while his head was thrown back as if lost in the ecstacy of holy thought. This cup bearer, as we might deem him, the chosen acolyte of the dignitary, was his own grand-nephew, Cwan. The old man fondly hoped that Cwan would study for the church, and accepting the vow of holy chastity some day repeat the indulgences he, himself, now so often bestowed.

O'Rourke burst in upon the assembly and passing down the centre aisle to the sanctuary rail, paused in his grief a moment to study the lovliness of the alcoyte's countenance; but recollecting his errand he trew down his staff on the stone pavement. Its jarring discord startled the peaceful community. The prelate arose from his

throne and beckoning his finger, silenced the sacred chant. "What pilgrim is this, and on what errand comes he unheralded, intruding upon the privacy of our prayer?" Then arose O'Rourke slowly from the ground, and said, "A pilgrim, your Grace, seeking my wife, whom the King of Leinster hath snatched from me even while I was still a pilgrim." Then all the monks fell on their faces. So did O'Rourke, striking his breast, and moaned, "Ohone ovo ovo." The prelate paused while holy indignation kindled in his eye. At last he spake, "I, Archbishop of Cashel, henceforthwith by bell, book and candle, anathmatize and ex-communicate Dermod Mac Murchad, King of Leinster, and hold his head and kingdom forfeit." O'Rourke slowly receded from view. A shuddering murmur fell from the lips of the horrified monks. The Miserere began when he had gone. The Archbishop reflected, "The least freedom with the sex is shame but the traitress wife accursing is accursed." Matins ended, the cellarer, the infimarian and the students returned to their several duties.

It were well that O'Rourke had gone direct to Cashel, for the Lonargans (of the white legs) were one of the oldest clans, famed for their virtue and bravery; who would not be slow to

avenge insult to a pilgrim. The times were, however, unsettled. The high standard set by Saint Patrick and so rigidly maintained for many years did not now prevail. There remained only a memory of the royal maid, who, with eased zone and flowing hair, bedecked with jewels, in all her beauty of face and form, walked unescorted through Erin even to the heart of Tipperary—leaving these handsome fellows for the last. A certain Milesian Don Juan vowed to sleep a night with the wife of every Irish king, and he made it in part good till he met a similar fate to that of his continental rival; for having been killed by Lochlin, he went to perdition. O'Rourke hurried on to Tara to tell his woe to Roderick, Ardigh of Ireland. Tara had been abandoned as the permanent abode of Monarchs. Roderick, who was patriotic as well as pious, returned to this consecrated spot to muse awhile on pristine and departing glories, and to repair by reflection the errors of his impulsive and uncontrollable anger. He had invited many kings from different provinces to hasten hither with their tigherns and toisachs, to partake in the games which had hitherto been held at Taillon. Tara was but the ghost of her former greatness. Yet with the majestic solitude of ruined splendor, its grand outlines and ivied granite bowed before

the rod of time, like some Indian chief sitting apart, waiting dissolution, as proudly erect on the hilltop and under the tree where kings were crowned, he consents to death but conquers agony.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The tale of ruin tells."—Moore.

Roderick stately poised on a highly caparisoned white stallion of true Asturian breed, mailed cap-a-pie, held the curiously carved baton in his right hand, while from beneath his scolloped crown his clustering ringlets fell over his shoulders. He smiled with grim satisfaction as he viewed afar off the hurlers on the green. Athletes vied with one another, in stone throwing, vaulting, leaping and wrestling. The archers' cry, "God save the mark," sounded fervently over the noise of the game. Painted targets were pierced by arrows spun from hemp string bows in the hands of callow youths. Yonder were others at picky, goal and base. Limners, harriers and banddogs scurried around. Whistling Mountebanks capered and tumbled under branches where the mavis throstled. Troops of foreign students before departure, were here in gay assemblage from the abbeys. While striplings chased the bounding roe in full career, their shouts re-echoing through the sloping hills,

fair zoned damsels played virgin sports on the mead amid dappled fawns. Matrons with golden head bands, their ornaments of coral jet and erne stone, loveliest roses glowing in their bodice, were engaged at drawing cards and playing chess; others again at palm play. The whole assembly was in rare humor, Roderick having conferred the honor of the royal rose and other favors where they were most deserved. Attention now was rivetted on two doughty champions, who, on Erin's fleetest steeds were in fierce combat. The heralds had trumpeted the event to the gathering multitude. The contending tigherns, clad in glittering armor, held their battle-axes aloft, not to slay, but to unhorse the other if possible; the victor to be crowned by his fair lady. Here was a mere boy encased in the panoply of a Goliath—the other was of large frame; apparently ten years older than his combatant. Both completely visored, were unknown, though many guesses were made as to their identity. Dust arose as in a whirlwind at their violent onset—rushing at each other in full gallop, the spectators were left in dread uncertainty. The green plumes rose out of the melee; the younger had adroitly avoided the great battle-axe of the elder—the force of the blow making the bold rider swerve in his saddle.

They again essayed the combat. The younger this time when within a hundred paces of his opponent reined in his charger, and then came on with accelerated speed. The elder not aware of this had already aimed his blow, and as his arm descended, his young antagonist rushing full upon him, wrested the weapon, and with a stunning blow, sent horse and rider reeling and rolling in the dust. Forgetting the rules of the game, in his mortification the unhorsed drew from his sheath his sharp poignard, meditating a murderous assault on his rival; when the heralds interposed. The unknown and youthful victor was eagerly watched by the audience—especially the ladies—to find where his heart lay. Leisurely he passed by the grandest till he finally knelt at the feet of McDonald's daughter and waited for her to place the golden chain on his shoulders. Bidden to remove his casque he bashfully demurred. Urged to comply, then it was that the comliest maiden in all Ireland sighed a sweet sigh and blushed crimson to her neck, while the gleam of joy in her eye was as the flash of the falling star on blue waters. Beautiful beyond imagination of bard and seer was this fair-skinned daughter of Eve, whose fame more than rivalled that of Flora, who enabled James Stuart to escape. With rising and full

snow-white breasts, with lips of coral and rounded arm, her small, tapered fingers trembling, Genevieve conferred this dignity on the bold hero who had risked his life to gain this token of her love. Before her knelt no rude ravisher of gentle charms, no war-grimed visage nor iron hand, but one as soft, as silken as her own. As his golden wealth of hair fell back from his smooth forehead she recognized the features of the Archbishop's acolyte—him whom we have already seen in the sanctuary of Caisil. Fearful lest her kinsmen might recognize him she quickly gave her hand to kiss. Charming in his close-fitting truis hose, he at once arose and disappeared.

Their attention was now attracted to another joust when suddenly a pilgrim raised his staff between the combatants and was roundly hissed. "Peace—desist," he cried, "ye have other work to-day." Here he paused as if to await the pleasure of the clans. Hurried before Roderick, the monarch asked smiling, "Hast thou come for the third time to pay homage humble subject, with tribute of silver bons, of hampers lined with sheepskins, seven score sheaves of wheat, or only a four-cornered pitcher?" Roderick laughed in gentle jollity; "Or was it to hear the Cruit warble, the kettle-drum, cymbals, hautboy,

basso, or tinkling ecrotalum; mayhap to taste our sweet-meats, griddle-baked bread, wood-cock, smelts; gourder—was it to see the rinceath fadha danced? Whatever it may be, O'Rourke without the nuptial garment is welcome, thrice welcome; 'mid the banners of all the provinces of Erin." "Noble monarch," began O'Rourke, "behold a pilgrim king who brings to thee excommunication against McMurtagh, king of Leinster, whose kingdom is forfeit to thy crown for the cruel wrong he hath done thy liege servant; since he has robbed him of a false bride—faithless Dervorgil." Roderick, his soul saddened by the use of pain, seamed o'er with scars of battle, stood up. Inglorious silence reigned awhile, the multitude eyeing Roderick's ruminating wrath. Filling his corna with meadh he clinked bumpbers with O'Rourke. "Even in Scotia's wild domain," he murmured, "hath the pilgrim been welcome to the board, bed, castle of his worst foe, and this hath happened in Erse!" Rage gnawed his lip, he dashed his imperial sceptre to the ground—then lashing himself into a fury, firm in his stirrups, his anger was fearful to behold. Rising like a curlews cry his shrill voice gathering strength rolled like a death wave over the hills of Tara.

"Dermod was to thee as moonlight unto sun-

light; as water unto wine; may the raven's beak glut on my soul if I do not avenge thee. Never again will I chase the red deer while McMurdagh lives. May I fall before Crom Cruach and be fearful of women if I stand still! Now do I swear by the psalter of Cashel—his death! Jactadh, Jactadh, ochsad ochsad, be his portion forever! Away with the race horses and the boxing battle, and bring the war steed! May the sea foam with hostile oars before I cry Hold! Enough! By all the hatred of Munster against Clan Morna, strike! May the red trout be no longer seen in the lake of the grey phantom! Light ye round towers, assemble your clans, trumpet the alarm, whirl ye the tabal, wield ye the biail, the gen, the skiagh harness ye soldiers, toll the funeral bells, arm your chariots with barbed hooks and glittering scythes!" (it was optional with them to follow in this war, their chiefs being elected; wherein the clan system lacks strength) but not a word of dissent was raised among the horsemen against this unusual order. Roderick's feeling was reflected on a sea of angry faces. So when he concluded with the words "Dermod McMurdagh shall die the death" —there was an ominous stir. Sounds of joy were lost in the shadows of shame. The pibroch and the drum, the congregating clans (a blaze of

bucklers and a wood of spears) betokened war at hand. Roderick alighted, braced his sandals and turning toward his tent murmured, "asminic cen eirin a shorw, arsa clough lourish a talcubh." (the truth is bitter says the stone of the earth.)

"Warder, what ho!, bring forth my gallow glasses;" so saying, he drew forth the vengeful steel. Thus ended the games at Tara.

The King of Leinster well knew the force of excommunication and the horror of the Irish for his crime against a husband and a pilgrim. The ordeal of penance was held in the highest esteem. The pilgrim went forth with scruples, in his sandals, wounding his flesh, conscious that no mortal enemy durst assail him. Having spent a few days of dalliance with this Cleopatra of the west, Dermod, finding that his love grew with intercourse, left her well protected in his castle, while he set forth boldly to obtain assistance from the McDonalds, who were well disposed to him. They were of the most powerful clans in Ireland. Such was their prowess that they could not remain at home, but roved about with stout heart and fearless arm. They subjugated the Gae Gael in Scotia, for we find one of them, Thane of Argyle, in the twelfth century. Their valor was evinced in their re-

lentless and resistless warfare against the Dane and the Anglo-Norman.

Tiernan McDonald was not surprised when the King of Leinster, rushing up as he stood among his archers, warmly embraced and presented him with three lustrous jewels; also a gold drinking cup. Tiernan made the bearer of the sunburst stand aside while he began animated colloquy. "I like not the grasp of your hand, McMurdagh," said Tiernan. "'Twas cold; and methought, by St. Declan! it trembled; wherefore this, when it might have rested there safe as a babe in its mother's cradle? Answer me! Is your purpose honest, and your undertaking worthy?" The brow of Dermod flushed anger, and proudly he replied: "As autumns dark storms pour forth from two hills, echoing, mix and roar on the plain, loud, rough and dark, in battle met Lochlin and Innisfail. Chief mixed stroke with chief; and man with man; steel clanging on steel. Helmets are cleft on high, blood bursts and smoke around. The groans of the people spread over the hills. It was like the thunder of night when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind. The blood of Innisfail flows through these veins; they will never tremble with the weight of a sword, and shall grow cold in death

alone!" Having thus delivered himself, he eyed Tiernan with the gleam of an eagle in a tender moment. Tiernan ungloved his hand and resting it on McMurdagh's shoulder, answered: "I speak by the gospel of Saint Patrick. Surely thou wouldst not beard the lion in his den; McDonald in his glen? Thou hast the look of a lion fearful of his prey. Speak, King of Leinster! And by our gossip if thou needst the aid of a McDonald in righteous battle say no more; or is the foul rumor true which carrions on thy royal name? Hast thou robbed the bed of O'Rourke of her whose cheek glows with beauty, but whose heart is filled with pride? If it be so, remember, I have a daughter reputed the comliest maid in all Ireland—had she done so I would have fallen upon my sword or cleft the despoiler's heart in twain." As lightning darts across the night clouds of the storm so was the flash in Tiernan's eye. McMurdagh quailed before its regal power. Conscious, however, of his dearly purchased love and of his willingness to die, therefore, he said resolutely: "Tiernan McDonald, if thou hadst loved a woman from childhood and her dreams were only of thee, since first nature gave reason to her tenderest affection, wouldst thou yield her to the heart that loved her not, to the hand that would not defend

and dared not avenge her. Marriages are made in heaven; nor can the Pope himself construe a sacrament without a consenting bride. If then, I snatched a virgin from the hand of rapine and claim her as mine own with her full and free consent, art thou not still my friend and ally? If not, then let thine archers answer me. I am defenceless." Tiernan's frown relaxed. Grasping his old friend warmly by the hand he exclaimed: "May Saint Kiernan's curse fall on him who fears to follow thee! Lead on! What ho, pibroch! sound the note of battle!" Then followed the indescribable clatter of hurrying warriors. Some clad in mail, carrying heavy battle-axes, while the green plumes nodded from their helmets, advanced with majestic stride and held converse with Tiernan and the King of Leinster. When the spearsmen and archers learned the purpose of his errand, and their undertaking a journey, a murmur arose like the moan of the sea striking heavily on a dark and lonely shore; whispered discontent spread from lip to ear; with sullen looks on their war-grimed visages they took their station. Fergus, one of the most daring of the clan, gave voice to his resentment. "And do we leave our wives behind," he boldly asked. "May Moyle's roaring waters be silenced forever, if I do not wrench

thy tongue from its socket!" cried Tiernan, whose heart misgiving him in this affaire d'ameure, felt the full sting of Fergus' query. The King of Leinster laid his hand on his sword impulsively to wipe out this insult in blood; but as quickly stopped, as it was not his purpose to break friendship with such a strong ally. He glowered in rage, his frame trembled with passion, while the stone beneath his feet was crushed into powder. Tiernan had waited to see if McMurdagh's manhood, reckless of consequences, would smite the insolence of truth, but observing the astuteness of Leinster's monarch, he had already pardoned in his heart the words of Fergus and contented himself with adding in rebuke: "Fergus, having lost your valor since you war with words, you shall stay at home and guard our wives while we make battle." This pleased Fergus who, at other times fretful at the bit, now bowed obeisance to his chief, and laughing, said aside, "Faith if he had left Mac in my stead you'd find no cushlas on your return." Casting a contemptuous glance at the king he passed to the rear. "Have you no Brehon judges in these parts in times of peace?" asked McMurdagh, as he stopped to pick up a three leaved clover. "Aye," Tiernan replied "but Fergus is too good a soldier to part with;

a little choleric and impulsive, but a noble fellow." They now stood somewhat apart from the soldiers. Tiernan continued, "Patience is a virtue. When Callas was bent on the death of the King of Tara he strove to stir his anger, for his good spirit told him that should the king slay one of his followers, he was surely doomed." "What news," said the king to him. "We have no news more mournful than that we have slain thy father." "That is news we have already known—no revenge shall follow, but your misfortune will always remain with you." "That is the reply of a coward," replied Callas. "Be ye not sorry for it?" "Ye are welcome," said the king; so a kind word turned away wrath. From that day Callas became his trusted tighern, and many a toisach followed him into the king's camp. "But I make myself a banshee telling tales." McMurdagh exclaimed, "Would I made even such a friend of Fergus; aye, of my worst enemy, till I made Dearborgil's father swear that ancient oath—'that by the sun and moon, air, day and night, land and sea'—he would not further trouble Leinster men." "'Tis not a matter of stealing swine," surlily responded Tiernan. He slung the fold of his tunic back from the fibula, and over his stately shoulders, as he reached for his battle-axe. "What ho! Warder! bring my

charger," he loudly cried. Soon to the sound of fife and drum he passed down the glen of deepening green, till with McMurdagh he was lost to view. The sun sent its last shafts full at his proud castle, which slowly sank from his vision in a dream of fiery flame. "Ah, Dermod," said Tiernan, more softly than was his wont, "how couldst thou do this; thou who founded the priory of All Saints. And was it not a grand sight when your brother kings, their tigherns and toisachs came forth to lay a stone, and gold on it from each, of that grand priory? Thou who hast established many other foundations in thy province; thou who hast joined in the cry against the common foe, for God and His Church; how couldst thou become the son of storm for another's wife? And so spill the red wine in the valley? Alas, 'tis thy punishment for forcing an abbess into wedlock." After a pause Tiernan loosened the royal band from his forehead, as with one hand he reined in his white stallion. Dermod replied, "By my crown I am not guilty of the fog which will yet encompass our numbers, for were my arm of brass and had I the iron knee I fear I shall wither as a blade of grass; Rome has drawn her circle—she has placed me beyond its rim. I am anathematized—excommunicated. Shrink not from me, I ha'e a shaken

heart; yet could Milesian do less? When Dearborgil's courier, on foaming steed chaffing at the bit, alighted at my postern gate and sounded his clarion, I then learned that the love of my childhood, the cushla of my youth, the promise of my manhood, was forced to marry O'Rourke. My heart rebelled. I would have knelt before the Druid's golden calf in worship rather than stuff my ears to the cry of her outraged maidenhood. With her golden stylus she had indited on the leaf how she longed to flee to my protection. Accompanied by a few trusty followers I found her and bore my darling under cover of friendly darkness to my castle at Ferns. There she remains a willing captive in a rude cage, and Dermod's white ribs shall glisten on the strand, before he yields her, whose love imperilled her name, whose heart brought her back to a lover's bosom." "What say the Leinster men to this," asked Tiernan; "thy yeomen and fiefs?" "'Tis the long lament of love," said Dermod; "a troubled water. I summoned the people to the halls of my father, but they crossing themselves eyed me as if I were some Danish monster; as if I were old Bel himself. But I swore by gaeth, sin and taetan (wind, storm and fire) to conquer or die. I will drink my wine out of the skull of my foe, or may the singing neck allure me

to her deep. Aye, by the floating islands of Lough Quilan, I swear it! See yonder herons—we are not far from the shore." They had turned a projecting rock on the road, and for the while were unseen by the soldiers who followed tardily. In that darkness which follows twilight a sudden apparition came upon them. Their shuddering steeds reared and snorted, while their quivering skin perspired from mane to tail. "Now by holy Bridget, what is this!" ejaculated Tiernan, finding his speech and devoutly crossing himself. "Deach Ceach" (blind blood), came the hollow word repeated to their startled ears. Dermod plunged after the sound with hurtling spear. A mocking laugh and two flaming eyes were all it could provoke. "Curses on the spectre," he cried, his hair turned white as driven snow by the agony of his effort. Then came a low, crooning voice, as from the departed—"A babe born with teeth, ohone, ovo." A babe two months spake: "List, hist, hearken! a wolf with a human voice—heark ye! a man sells son and daughter! To eat as meat, heigh ho, joy, woe—good news, bad news, sickness, death—ohone, och hone." A schreeching owl fell at their feet; the flaming eyes grew more wicked—the cold sweat stood on Dermod. Choking with fear and anger, his knees knocked before the spectre and

he hoarsely whispered, "Speak on." "List," the voice began: "Three times, three times, three times, three times, no time; ever will Erin grieve this day. Woe Terna! woe! woe! woe! Traitor Dermod!" An unearthly shriek startled the owl, which flapped by them. The pale radiance of the moon appeared showing the king's pallid countenance and hoary gray locks. Tiernan was the first to speak: "By the bones of all the virgins I go no farther. Well may we clap our hands; weary my mind and moist my countenance for thee, oh Dermod! Thou art doomed not by man, but God. I go no farther with thee in this. May God forgive thy sin! I must go to Lough Dergh for my part in this! Dermod rose to his feet; it was in his heart to slay Tiernan for these words, but, when with perfidious eye he looked around, Tiernan had vanished.

Dermod listened. He heard the far distant echoes of Tiernan's cavalcade hastening away. Not knowing where to follow he raised his face full in the moon-beams. Gnashing his teeth, he cursed God, his country and the apparition; he called her hag, witch, fiend, she-devil. Then it was that he saw coming out of the shadow a face on fire with rage, black eyes brighter than glittering gems, rows of teeth, whiter than snow, between lips of coral. A ghastly sneer of pas-

sion heightened her dreadful smile, as her dishevelled hair curling in the wind made her a living Casandra. "Thou curse, curse me!" she exclaimed, "haughty man, mark me, thy deflowered abbess! Look at me well, for thrice you shall see me; the third shall be the last! I curse thee by fire! by war! by nature and by disease!" She was gone! It was some time before Dermod recovered the shock; then with a reckless indifference, throwing his cloak around him, he plunged into the open toward the shore. On and on he rode, like Hecate hard from hell; on by the mountains afire with hungry flame, where tree fell on tree, crackling till the forest groaned; on by the osier fringed banks where drank the tusky herd; on by the mazy thicket, ever toward the chalky cliffs; on to the sea-girt shore, the swelling surf and curling wave. The good steed, like Job's fabled wonder, with steady pace, leaving hill and dale far behind. Once he went to his knees in a morrass, but as quickly recovering he answered the spur with Arabian fidelity. His sides bled and his nostrils trembled; steam arose from his flanks, his outstretched neck pointed to the horizon. No stay in that long, hard ride till Wicklow's shore is reached, and then with a gasp his coursing charger falls, struggles to rise, falls again—he is dead. Yonder is the sea, as it beat

with boisterous breakers on the suffering surf. The dismounted rider sheds a tear over his faithful companion, he heeded not the wild, rocky scene, nor the sea-gulls seeking their booty over the whelming main, nor the beautiful dawn; his eyes were a Bucephalus, his heart with Dearborgil. "Ah!" he moaned, "must I go hence, an exile from my heart's love, and leave thee my chosen one in the power of Roderick? Where now are thy caresses, thy perfumed breath and thy laughing eye? They will wade to their knees in blood; a whirlwind and rain of war will beset them—they will be vassals. I will be avenged! Farewell, my Dearborgil—dreadful in thy charms—till my return." So saying, he plunged, accoutered as he was, into the foaming channel. A mermaid rose under him, and clinging to her long, streaming hair, obedient to his will, she bore him 'mid swollen waters, safe from secret rock and adverse storm afar over the sea till he was lost to view.

Chapter II.

CWAN AND GENEVIEVE FALL INTO THE HANDS OF AENGLUS.

AT the brink of a precipice, from which she was scarcely protected by a wall three feet high, stood McDonald's daughter. The furse grew in wild profusion, from the distant and deep wood came the faint cry of the cuckoo; from the reedy shore the shrill scream of the heron. On one knee she rested. Shading her vision, she gazed enraptured over the golden valley which, extending many roods, teemed with the shining harvest of rich, ripe fields. The valley reclined between the Comeraugh and the Slieve-na-mon mountains, whose sides were stripped in part of peat which was burnt as manure for the cotter's gardens.

Distance lends enchantment to the dark blue rocks in barren grandeur piled. Nature was in her grandest mood. The humble cabin with its pig-sty and lime tree, the gardens fringed with nettles, the women coming home sheaf-laden

from the gleaning, made a pretty evening picture.

Genevieve was loosely clad; she had taken off her stockings. A short skirt, or kirtle of green taffeta to her knees, exposed her shapely and cream white limbs, her ankles, high instep and tiny feet. Her chemise, low cut and neglige, revealed the naked beauty of her shoulders, arm and bosom. Her fearless blue eyes looked straight ahead in modest innocence; her wavy hair glistened on the form of a chaste Diana. Her features seemed drawn by self enamored love; her very limb proportioned to his wish, gold and pearl were but dross around her neck, for her stainless soul transluced the fairest skin, making simplicity a grace, filling her large blue eyes with gentle rays; and her arch laughter with innocent mirth. While a caste of thought haloed her face a line of pearl ran through her parted lips. Genevieve, of the soft heart and sunny soul, angelic, yet more soft and feminine, her every thought wore a changeable strain like flower leaves wet with the sunset rain; while her voice was like the voice the stars had when they sang together. She had a heart vibrating between love and prayer; nine hundred paters every day and thrice nine hundred aves she was wont to say; and still she thought of Cwan, at home, at church, at wak-

ing; in her dreams 'twas ever Cwan. Far down the valley she saw the brawny blacksmith at his forge, the threshers and ploughmen. She now intended exposing her charms to the shaded stream, where she would bathe. Suddenly a thought of him she loved came in her heart; she blushed and hesitated. "Surely," she murmured, "he is more fit to wield the sword than swing the sacring bell;" as a great tear trickled through her tapering fingers. Two hands were closed over her eyes, and as she arose to scream, a kiss was boldly printed on her lips; a long, long kiss; a kiss of youth and love. When she was free to gaze two arms held her stoutly; the fair acolyte beamed upon her with a happy ardor, more eloquent than holy, as he sang,

"When the sons of Milesius set sail from Spain
They found Innisfail with her grandeur of green."

Fondly she clung to him murmuring, "Cwan, Cwan," then as suddenly besought him to depart. "Go my brave Cwan or both our lives are lost; think no more of me in these dark and sorrowful days. I will always pray for you to be a worthy churchman—perhaps a prelate some day." Whistling with boyish glee he answered, "Your face is my fortune. Nay, nay, my pretty one, not on my troth, no meadow lawn nor bishopric for me; I

love beauty and valor too well, and you are all my religion." "What would thy grand-uncle say to this heterodoxy?" saucily sought the maiden. "Put me in the cave of Molana, perhaps send me to Saint Senanus for seven years penance; my heart may bleed and perish, but I'll have thee." Now, by our Lady, she smiled, not at all displeased, "without even asking my consent. You do look pretty in your silken hose of emerald hue."

"Ave Maria, o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee."

The plover whistled by them. They heeded not, Cwan telling her many a tale of Malachi McLaughlin; of how, holding his unbroken steed by the mane, he loved to plunge into the ranks of the enemy sword in hand. Lost as they were in idle sweet nothings the limestone village grew less white. "I see they have not tonsured thee as yet," she coyly remarked, as her fingers played with his curls. "They never will,' he firmly replied. "Anyhow, Rome dislikes our Irish mode of tonsure as much as our time for observing Easter. You know there is luck in leisure; Genevieve, I love thee, and love will find a way." The maiden felt a chord in her heart touched by his sincerity. The blush of vir-

gin confusion and tell-tale passion mounted to her cheek, but she was reticent. She spake at last. "I would grieve to see thee a cleric." Cwan, thus emboldened, took her hand and asked if she returned his love. The tears sprang to her eyes as she murmured, "I had rather be in thy arms than in my mother's cradle. I had rather see thy smile than the sun itself; I had rather hear thy voice than choirs of angels, for I love thee a whole Pentecost of love." Cwan took her to his heart, and God blessed the youthful lovers. "Genevieve," he said, "I had rather death in London Tower than single blessedness in Cashel." Her small, white hand caressed him; "why do I tempt you, Cwan, to death?" she said. "Hear Gabriel's bell tolling and the eagle screaming. Or is it the curlew, that bird of death and ill-omen? The angelus is the voice of God; soon the monks will be praying and the censers swaying, and they will miss thee. Listen! one word before you go. Thy opponent was no other than the Robin Hood of Munster, to whom my father had promised me, and that a fortnight hence. But I had rather rest in my shroud than that his breath were near me. I would rather sleep on the bare deal board in a nunnery than sleep one night on a bed of roses by his hated side." So saying, she threw her

arms around his neck while her graceful figure hung as a vine before him. "Now," said Cwan, "by that eastern failing, the hawk on my wrist, may I forget all the latin I ever knew and all the aphorisms of Hippocrates." "Thou mayst find thy bed of straw not in the study, but in the dungeon (the last abode of fruitless love)" fearfully added his cushla. "If thou wilt come with me," said Cwan, "I will take care of these currachs down yonder, and rowing where a tremulous light like sweet thoughts of love steal o'er the dancing waters, we will reach the farther shore and steal on till we find a holy anchorite—a paragon of wisdom and charity in his caves. If he will but give us shelter for the night—though the echoes of others' joy but wakes the pain of a solitary's disappointment I am sure Donatus will permit our marriage. If followed we can hide behind the white thorn and holly bushes. When I was but a curly haired gossoon, a blind senechal told me that I would marry the maid of my choice. Instead of wielding a sword, however, I am doomed to thrum the harp." "Why say doomed when you shall play it without a sound of sorrow in thy manoral halls mid the trophies of war and the chase; under huge antlers of the red deer caught in the Kerry forest, while I shall tread the fearsat (spindle)," joy-

fully added McDonald's daughter. "And do you forget how the King gave a barony to his favorite minstrel? God grant the bard was a prophet!" Conversing they stole on, reached the boat and rowed across the stream. The acolyte was missed from the monks' matins. They could not find him even in the natatorium. How sweet the day dream of new true found love of this bright, bold boy and his cushla! Words, sighs and exclamations failing to express the depth of such emotion—we dance, sing or write passionate verse. Genevieve, holding the hem of her kirtle in the tips of her upraised fingers, rushed toward Cwan with those full-blown wings in a butterfly dance, enchanting his eye, as when the easter sun leaping from the bowl of water or bit of polished shell glances along the ceiling. Lost in her mad revel, the doe with full udders came nosing through the branches to gaze at her, with almost human eyes. She could no longer hide her heart like a hermit in the valley, for its affection glistened in her eye as dew on the lez pedeza blossom. Cwan placed her in a sycamore boat and they sailed in a stream of mist, conveyed by many a star till they saw the fagot-gatherer depart from the nearing shore. Then they explored the mooring where the reeds sprang up in the shallow water, and they saw

the moon rise behind a cloud bank, for the twilight had sunk like an angel of rest. The stars shining clear in the dark, deep dome, the cup and cleaver were distinctly suggested in the northeast, studied no doubt by some quaint astrologer. They stumbled on a few orcs (little pigs) and cossalachs (urchins) at play, and a rook's nest. Down farther along this estuary we find our anchorite with the teeth of Mochta. He was an olef who could sing many of the lost books of Erin. Nor was he least among the Shaunakis (learned); he could decipher many Aryan monuments. His hermitage had been in the Galtee mountains (the world forgetting; by the world forgot), but he had since ventured hither as he loved to catch salmon. They paused, hand in hand, to enjoy the fretful melody of the water gurgling through the weir (rocks) where the salmon glittered in the moonlight. The cry of the katydids rose on the wind, the yew was stirred and the cypress sighed; tall ferns quivered, and the low brushwood fantasied themselves to dark, overgrowing monsters. "Stay you here and I will enter the cave," said Cwan. A glitter of light slanted across the sand through its loophole. Cwan was mindful of the anchorite's weird legends of impossible happenings. He had often watched him inditing on his waxen tablet; smote

his harpsichord to the old man's deep baritone, which richly sounded Gaelic airs of marvellous melody (An Chruit and Ni leis na debrailh) his favorites.

Watched him mixing an ounce of rose to a pound of oil, or winding flies to catch the darting trout. "If I find him at his scourging or on his knees I will return and wait," said Cwan, as with trembling step he entered. The emaciated man arose to meet him as he spake aloud, "Plures crapula quam gladius." Cwan knelt and kissed his ring, went out and returned, bringing the beautiful virgin (virgineous flos) till they both stood before the ancient hermit. It was a moment before he could realize Cwan's audacity. Then crossing himself he said, "Why hast thou brought this beautiful sin before me; why hath this fair daughter of Eve dared to violate the secrecy of my penance? Wouldst thou be remembered in my prayers, or be directed to the daughters of Bridget, there to fan the holy flame—speak!" Cwan and his love fell on their knees before him. The old man's heart misgave him, for the purpose of their errand was made clear by their clasped hands and bowed heads as they drew close together. "Know you not that I appear at court for the widow and orphan only," shouted the anchorite.

He ran to the corner, lighted a huge firebrand, and rushed toward them as if he were attacked by an evil apparition. They were too frightened to move, but clasped each other as if their last moment had come. Seeing that they were flesh and blood the hermit dashed the embers on the ground. "What would ye," he cried angrily. "Shelter," answered Cwan. "That I would give to the tenderest sparrow," said the monk; "to the hurt lion, to the wounded fawn, to the penitent murderer of my own brother. But speak ye in truth, that my beloved Cwan, ensnared by the wiles of passionate beauty, by that beginning of all evil in this world—woman!—hast dared to deceive me? Perhaps under her wig she hides a tonsure. Out on thee witch! Listen clericus si genuerit annos penitat vel esul portet cilicum et virgam." The innocent maiden had by this fallen prone on the hard earth; Cwan's eyes flashed fire; springing to his feet he cried, "Is this your charity? For this you fast and pray, and suffer? You would betray two loving and bleeding hearts. Oh, father! be not so unkind! If you expel brother date from the hermit's cell, brother dabitur will not remain. 'Mid all your austerities you know the craving of two loving human hearts. The sweetest song birds nestle in a pair; the eagle soars alone." The old man, bent like a laboring

oar in the surf, tried to dissuade Cwan from Genevieve. With stern and searching eye he said to Cwan, "Thou seest my coarse habit is suited to the oak and brushwood; what of the body when our conversation is in heaven. And what are women? Their testimony will not be taken at our synods; and as Livy says 'sed initum turbandi omnia a foemina ortum est.' Wouldst thou share with me a lamprey, or that I should bleed thee, I will be thy ancient servitor, and thou art welcome to my cider. Ah! shun this woman and share with me a rule, not mystical and moribund as that of Columba, but that which is a rule of labor—grave and practical—so thou wouldst become a living book of wisdom. Foes might hang upon thy path, snakes nestle near; from thyself thou shalt have naught to fear. Aye! by the horseshoe nailed to my door, there hanging as a sign of luck, give this woman over to satan! Hast thou not seen our holy fathers in long white habits, with flowing beards, sweet, calm countenances, and eyes bent downwards as they stood among the crags and trees? What a picture! Their raiment rough, their sleep short, their hand liberal. What is penance? All birth is effort, must not loves be so?" "Ah, father," exclaimed Cwan, "I care not for Heaven without my Genevieve." "Now by our last synod and the rock of

Ardmore, whereon were brought to Saint Declan a candle, missal and bell for his tower (a gift from the Pope himself, which floated down the northern sea), I will curse ye both! Aye! by my portous," cried the monk. "For God's sake no not, I will go," wept the maiden, as she brought the kerchief to her eyes. "Not without me," cried Cwan. "Have your wish pertinax et perniciosus; Lesbia hath a beaming eye," so said the monk rushing between, grasped and rudely hurried them from the cave consecrated to his vigils. Freeing them at last, he made a circle with his hands over the dark sky and they saw a steeple of fire; also many blackbirds lifting a greyhound in the sky and casting him down. "See," he cried, "was it writ in stile or parchment? You may now lie on the bed you have made in Saint Patrick's purgatory." They stood wondering till monk and apparition disappeared, and then embraced in total darkness. "Leave me, leave me," cried the maiden. "Never!" answered Cwan, stoutly. "Don't you see by his confounded necromancy the church was burst up in the air? So far, so good. As to the rest, I don't fear riddles, but I could draw blood from a stone sooner than touch his mummified heart." "What is to be done," inquired the modest virgin. "Why I'll bring thee to my cell where thou

mayest sleep all night, he said. "I'll change garb with thee and I'll sleep on the grass beyond the walls like a gillie, and we'll leave the rest to Providence till to-morrow, when I will acquaint Donatus of our love, and that will settle everything."

Man proposes, but God disposes.

She just donned his slashed doublet, when they heard the sudden, low baying of bloodhounds. They crouched in the brush, but all in vain. They were discovered by the flaming torches of the pursuing cavalcade, hither hastening at a round pace. "What devil's bird is this," hoarsely cried the leader, wearing a steel morion on his head, as he approached the guilty couple. "And is this Graetna Green?" There stood before them Cwan's rival and combattant, a distant relative of Tiernan. Aenghus McDonald, namesake of the son of Scotland. Angheus of the perfidious eye, from pride of ancestry affected the tartan and scarf, his short mantle fastened in front by a golden brooch, he had a steel band around his body and he held a cone pointed shield. He found the couple in unexplainable confusion, for they had not sinned in thought, word or deed. Cwan beheld the powerful proportions of his mighty assailant. It was chance that brought Aenghus hither, for having heard that McMur-

dagh had gone to invoke the aid of Henry II., King of Albion, glad at heart, and surmising that the invaders would most likely land near the harbor of the Sun, he had brought with him a few trusted followers to exploit the region, seeking plunder; to maraud and hough horses, to kill cows, to violate the defenceless. So they were armed with spear topped axes, while forrest skins hung over their shoulders and embossed armor. "Had I my good bow and arrow I would make no terms with him," thought Cwan to himself. An irresistible smile stole over his face as he thought of his ridiculous plight and that of his darling. Boldly snatching the cloak from the shoulders of Aenghus he wound it round her form and stood defiant. Aenghus swore at his effrontery, but contemplating a deep scheme of revenge he held back his riding whip. The perfidious light of an evil eye gleamed on Cwan. "So, my callow youth, thou hast dared to trifle with me? Hast thou harmed a hair of her head, Saint Barry's gospel cannot save thee, and her ghost shall wander in Saint Tolan's desert. Speak, sacristan!" Then that light shot its baleful gleam over the lovers. Cwan, white with anger, cried: "Thou liest," and before the surprised leader was aware of it Cwan had seized the horse's mane, and so throttled him that he

reeled from his saddle to the ground. Aenghus recovering himself gazed at the youth by his side and laughed a diabolical intensity of passion. "Seize him," he cried; and ere Cwan could resist, his arms were firmly pinioned behind his back by the myrmidons. "And thou," said Aenghus to the stoical maid, "mount thee my charger behind thy lover, and I will teach thee obedience due to a father, and fidelity to thy betrothed." Glad at heart to be once again beside her own true love in his peril, she obeyed; and stealing her arm around his body whispered such words of encouragement as can only come from a true colleen bawn. On they were led through the glen Damhaim at Dairinis—a valley near Molana in Waterford. After being hard ridden to this point they halted in the early dawn by a dun fortress, sea-washed, and not many miles from the Church of Groans. "Hast thou," said Aenghus to one of his comrades, "a knowledge of Seanchus more (book of laws) which good Saint Patrick gave us? A decided improvement on the Druid laws." Turning to Genevieve, "God's death! hath thee not heard thou she-wolf of a kinswoman? How faithless Queen Gormlaith begged from door to door?" Not only was she silent, but befriended by a turn of the road kissed Cwan and placed her finger over

his lip, lest he might resent what she deigned not to notice. "Nor," he continued, "of Denmark's treacherous queen? Ah, my pretty one, why not think of me?" "Faith," she replied, "the more I think of thee the less I think of thee. Aenghus, I am now in thy power, but for every word thou hast spoken, thou shalt feel a stripe on thy coward back. Aye, by my father's hand!" "Ha, ha, thou very lamp of courage," answered Aenghus in mockery, "thou very daughter of Taetan, who killed Cua of Nail, by the plague and the famine thou wilt yet charm my sleep. Ye know the rigid reighteous is a fool. Hast thou ever heard of the iron shroud? Ha, I'll have thee creep under the stone for a blessing. By the rood you will! Halt, ye Bonnaughts!" he shouted. It was now daybreak and they were on the wooded rim of an open, on which rose a fair green hillock, from which they could see afar one of those towers which forms Erin's tiara. His comrades, numbering ten, obeyed and dismounted. Cwan and his darling presented a brave front, secretly praying, as they expected the worst since they had heard many instances of his cruelty and how he made a jest of the gad. Leaving Cwan bound hand and foot, well knowing that Genevieve would not fly from his side, he and his followers scared off the cuckoo as

they went where the lovers no longer could see them, to whom it seemed they were about to decide their fate. Soon rollicking laughter greeted their ears—Aenghus telling his followers a Druid story. Genevieve put her fingers to her ears, they swore so. "Aenghus," spoke up his leeman, a giant's babe who always followed the camp, as she showed her perfect teeth in laughter while she shook her merry red ringlets, "I'll not fill thy sycamore cup! thou'rt full!" "Nay, jewel," shouted Aenghus, "I've enough for to-day, but just one more for to-morrow. Give us a song, thou trooper! Then with a wild, rich voice she sang what might soften the heart of nobler men:

"The breath of Heaven is the light of love;
There is no life without love, my life, my love."

The amazon ceased and began to pluck ferns and place them in her flower basket, fastening pinks to her shamrock embroiderel short, plaited skirt, and toying with her white dove plumes. "Come hither, thou shaven skull," said Aenghus to the Friar Tuck of his followers, "I've work for thee. "As a jack priest canst thou make one out of two?" "Aye," replied the jack, as he slapped his steel belly band heartily, "and make one support two, though two can't be in one unless the look of a cross-eyed gypsy by this drink of cumi." The camp roared, and Aenghus most

boisterously agreed that the friar reminded him of Cwan in the windy satisfaction of his tongue, while his own nodding head knocked heavily on his chin. His fellows picked up their cards and followed on their mongrel hobbie, ready for any mischief, Aenghus mumbling in an undertone how Cwan must find marriage cattle. Brushing aside the screening branches, they stood around the lovers. The friar now broke out, "As to my office, listen, cries Sylvia to a Holy Friar! What reason can be given since marriage is a holy thing, that there is none in Heaven? There are no women, he replies. She quickly mocks his jest: Women there are, but I'm afraid they cannot find a priest," "Yes," laughed Aenghus idiotically, "the monks are never out of mortal sin. They bid us fast and pray, and repent, but judged by their noses they never keep Lent; but thou hast titulus coloratus (hiccoughs), and if thou dost refuse I'll imprison thee in thy own house; in the hollow of yonder tree, with a strong rope for a sanctuary rail around thee. Hic—you don't fash me." The friar merely strutted about turkey fashion, cackling pompously, "and now for a cool tankard; a sober mug of cumi." "Shut up," cried Aenghus, wroth with wine, "thou scurvy chatterer, or I'll shillalah thy shaven crown and hang thy excommunicated offal be-

yond the keep for squabbles and heartburning." "Never fear thou audacious Fenian insolent," the monk answered, "Pax vobis, bedad, pax vobis." "Let me go warm and merry still and let the world laugh and it will." Aenghus standing before the lovers dissimulated his wrath. "I yield to love. Venus and Adonis be happy! See I will eat the oaten cake and drink of this good old Spanish wine in full mether, to your future and happy union. What an escapade for such a sweet lady, and what an unlucky trysting spot! I wonder you were not greeting (crying) when we met ye! Come forth, jack priest, and finish this pawky business. Faith, I'd have another bout with thy doughty lover! Come on my long-haired clansmen, my plumed and belted earls; come gallow glasses with your battle-axes and be witnesses! Come, jack, and tie the knot, for as we know from the synod of Droichetata, it is not lawful for clerics to have concubines. Nor shall there be pay for baptizing or anointing, but your cushla will surely repay me with a kiss from those rosy, virgin lips. We are ready, sir friar." One of the crew half robed as a monk, with a halter for a cord, with a tunic shaped as a cowl, and holding a canteen of meadh, approached them with mock solemnity. The savage monk began, Cwan earnestly repeating the words after him, as also did his sweetheart. The

monk then took a ring which was or had been used on the snout of swine, suggesting that this would do in place of better. Genevieve, believing herself truly married strained Cwan close, nor longer blushed at his ardent kisses. "Now for the alma benedictio, the blessing of Noe and Abraham," cried Aenghus. Here his voice grew incomparably savage. "I see you are not mealy mouthed. Look then, Cwan, on thy sweet mate! Is she not beautiful as the gloaming? Gloat on her loving looks, for it is the last time you shall ever behold her." The newly made bride wondered if he were about to take her away, but when she saw Cwan struggling with his minions and beheld the red hot irons, she would have died instead, but they held her back. She could hear them hiss like serpents, killing the last look of love on her from Cwan's blue eyes. She saw him writhe and fall on his face; then she screamed in horror. Chill horror shook her shivering soul. Close to his breast she grovelled on the ground, and bathed with floods of tears the gaping wound. She cried, she shrieked. The fierce, relentless foe insulting mocks her violence of woe. Aenghus, placing his foot on Cwan's neck, cried, "I will maim him to-morrow, and thou, my slave shalt be. My leeman!" Once more they mounted, and he bore them whither they knew not.

Chapter III.

KING RODERICK PRONOUNCES DEARBORGIL'S DOOM. DERMOD SEEKS OUT HENRY II. AT AQUITAINE.

WHAT has become of Dearborgil, now destined in this last hero stage of the world to rival Helen of Troy? The silken banner of the Dane was still seen floating in the southeastern portion of Ireland, while English invasion was imminent. The unhappy creature retired to the castle of Ferns, with its defences unmanned—all alone. She read to herself the anthiphonarium of Bangor, a duplicate of whose entries are to be found to-day at Milan. To dissipate her woe she had been embroidering all morning on a piece of Irish fabric. It lay at her side—a faithful representaion of the Blessed Virgin Mary at the foot of the cross. A large silver sanctuary lamp hung suspended from the rafter-

ed roof and burned before a carved statue of Our Blessed Lady. The soft radiance, dimmed in the daylight, tinted the splendid bed, its silken curtains, velvet coverlet covered with miniver, its tufts of plumage and its gilded coronals over the canopy. The ample hearth was filled with blazing logs; the black marble tripod supported its vase of holy water; an illuminated missal lay open on the sculptured desk. The subdued odor of scented water clung to the hanging tapestry and richly colored casement; the curtains were overwrought with arabesque. In a corner stood an equestrian effigy in armor, great moose horns gold knobbed, antelered the side wall.

Potted plants threw the hadow of their leaves on antique wood carved equisitely; the marble was traced fine as lace-work. A blue bottle buzzed about the frescoed ceiling. Dearborgil, in the silence, seemed some resurrected soul. She was arrayed in close-fitting bodice, from which hung her hip girdle. Her tunic was sleeveless; a floating veil folded idly down to her feet and pointed slippers. Her face was white as the robe of the dead. The love of Romeo and Juliet lay on the scroll unread. Her ornaments of beaten gold, set with topaz and opal, seemed to lack lustre. Her faithful greyhound whined before her. "Aye," she murmured, "let the narrow-hearted

put all the venom of their tongue on my poor name. I am more sinned against than sinning. Mournfully grief spreads its veil over my young face—my silver mirror finds no trace of my former grace; even my little silver whistle hangs unfriendly from my girdle; the church of the living God has pronounced my doom." "An old witch—a wizened crone—with protruding teeth, a divining rod in her hand, and leaning on her seid staff wandered here last night, and peering into my face sang a Derry Down song, 'A sinful heart makes feeble hand,' and so she vanished." "God's will be done!" she murmured, "I'd give all my purgatory to Dermod and forfeit Heaven to O'Rourke. I have only a poor heart, beating for the one I love. The stork and magpie have the mate of their desire, and I am a woman. Oft have I wandered by the melting sides and pensive shadowings of my childhood's home, plucking maiden's hair, ladies bed straw and sweet cicely; and little did I dream that Dermod's face meant my ruin, when by the sloping lawns we played, aye, knelt beside each other at chapel in the glen, where the soggarth, with bare head and reverent locks, raised his hand to Heaven in our behalf. Oft we strayed down to the beaten cliff, there to kneel at the golden shrine to tell my gold paters. Woe is me! for I will moan my

comely chieftan cold and silent under the flag stone." Taking up an ancient spinnet, she began to croon this doleful strain:

"His soul has flown to paths unknown
Where fiery pain will purge the stain."

"Maelodhram's mill will still be fed with red wheat and I will be cursed by posterity. Now, I will mourn my Dermod, for his skin was whiter than that of the people of fairy palaces. Long is the wintry wind and the rough gusts. I will not have this sin imputed to me! Where now is my lover? I will return to my husband, yew without charge of blemish, a tall and shielded oak; master of the games. Mysterious power, who shapes our ends regardless of our hopes and longings, be merciful to me, a sinner! I will sacrifice my life, my heart, my own true love for him for thy sake, O, Terna! Yet in my soul I must love Dermod best, though God condemn me. Just his decree, though faultless my unhappy love. I will return!" So saying, she drew her snood around her, and with low bowed head and trembling step preparing to depart she ventured into the court-yard. There the lone, chained eagle, once the playmate of the storm screamed around as if he would tear her to pieces; but she no longer feared death. When she saw the wide desertion she murmured, "Slaves, vassals, crimi-

nals, females I could purchase for three cows' price. And ye are all gone! Cowards! But they will be held less base than I." The sound of approaching cavalry fell on her ear. Had Dermod returned? She rushed back to the parapet, and her heart stood still for what her eyes witnessed. It seemed as if all the armed clans of Ireland had hastened hither to wreck vengeance on this forlorn creature. She wandered through the corridors, they were empty—not even a sentinel remained, nor a slave. Once more she returned to her position of vantage. At a signal blast the soldiery lowered the draw-bridge. Battering down the gates of brass and unbarring the others they crossed the moat on wicker bridges. Flags of many provinces were flaunted under her very eyes, though the pennon of Leinster's king still waved from the castle top. There among the courtly and martial throng she espied her father, and her husband still robed as a palmer. There was Tiernan McDonald, the gossip of her lover, the strong lance of chivalry. There also Roderick, monarch of Ireland. She heard the cry of "Buailio (strike ye)! Li om Orra (follow me—upon them)! Erin go Bragh, and Fag an Bealac!" The blare of trumpets, the tone of the pibroch and angry voices, sounded as a troop of bees, as they descended upon the ill-fated castle, their

hurried footfalls echoed as from a crypt. She saw the mustered bowmen, their sandals fastened with leathern thongs; she saw their sheaves of arrows; the stubborn spearmen, with clenched fists vowing vengenace; the kernes with their swords of tempered steel. Falling on her knees she offered a prayer to her God, as she expected to feel the dread point of their swords. When discovered, however, the soldiery eyeing her with hateful horror, shrank back. Seeing which, she arose and descended into the court-yard; went up to Roderick and knelt before him on the green. Meanwhile tongues of flame issued from every aperture of the castle, even to the cone-headed turrets. Here was the green flag, and the proud monarch, erect on his steed amid his assembled kings, like Vertexigon before Caesar, his armor shining like gold, his sword with stars of silver graced, the baldric studded with plumed crests, and the sheath enchased. He gazed with grim satisfaction till the mighty mass was left a mouldering ruin. Then Roderick spake: "The lion preys not on the carcass, nor hath the death sentence been heard since the eighth century, but woman, thou hast kindled a flame through Terna —thy shame has risen on its wings, and now perfidious wretch thou wouldst escape? Worm of the earth! Perish for thy sin!" The kings, by

silence, gave assent and looked approval; even so, the bishop on his white barb. Dearborghil rose up proudly before him—her eye no longer sought the earth. In her heart she knew no sin, but that of love, for which all true men and women gladly give up their lives. After a pause the monarch resumed: "Thy lover, accursed Dermod, has escaped our wrath. Woman, thou wouldst have fled with him—where is he?" "I know not. By Saint Patrick, I know not!" she feebly answered, but with unquelled spirit. It was then decided by the monarch, in council with his kings, to place a stake in the ground, and disrobing her to the waist in shame, there to bind and burn her to death. She heard the awful sentence unflinchingly, murmuring to herself, "They cannot take my God from me." As she was thus exposed, replacing his sword in its baldric, the monarch asked: "Hast thou aught to say in reparation or atonement to thy injured husband?" She answered, "The green, waving fields are hidden behind the flash of thy shields and the rush of thy banners that toss in the wind. I am only a defenseless woman, and you shame me as if you were Druids. I would have returned to my king rather than bring the rain of war on my beloved Terna." As she said this she looked full at O'Rourke as if to protect her from the rude gaze

of the soldiery. His only answer was to take off his fibula, and approaching, place it over her shoulders so that she might endure shame no longer. The monarch seemed pleased and moved at this act of husbandly pity. A tear glistened in Roderick's eye as he hoarsely whispered, "Bring forth the crucifix, the tegitur and the torch;" but no man was found in all the battalions who would do the deed, for the respect to woman's person is a matter of history. Then spake Tiernan from his post under the great ash tree: "Gracious monarch of all Ireland, we would not be guilty of this deed, nor is it in thy royal heart for her travail. Leave her to God, we beseech thee! Let her suffer the fate of Jeptha's daughter, who was sacrificed for her notion. Let God, who made the falcon, judge the dove." Applause arose from those chivalrous ranks who came hither to wreak vengeance on the retainers of Dermod with battle-axes and hardie battle, but not to gaze on the distress of an unfortunate woman. "Tiernan, thou speakest wisdom, by Saint Declan!" said the monarch. "Unchampioned Dearborghil, thou shall spend the rest of thy mortal life confined in the nunnery of Saint Bridget at Kildare; there may thy penance and thy prayer shrieve thy soul and avert God's anger from the nation that henceforth disowns thee." Joing the beaver of his

helmet to his visor to hide his emotion, he gave orders to burn every hamlet in Leinster. Raising his sceptre loftily he bade all clans retire ere withdrawing from the fated castle, and now repaired to his royal tent to rest for the morrow's march, reflecting as he went, "It is easier to hold a ram by the horns than a lion by the tail, and yet, miserable Dermod, what is sharper than the useless beard of corn?" O'Rourke, stepping over to Dearborghil, drew from his bosom a scapulary and a sprig of green, both of which he placed over his cloak on her shoulders and departed tearfully. The bishops conducted her from the gaze of men, and St. Lauwrence said: "Go unto these souls who, beyond our world pass on like pure planets in lonely pride, leaving no copy of loveliness after the grave. Remember, that tranquil days, illuminated nights and spiritual chants await thee! Exchange thy jewels for a set of beads, and so outlive a world's decay!" The bishop then, giving her his blessing, sent paper, incense and cinnamon by her to his friend, the abbess. We will drop the curtain on this sad scene and follow Dermod in his exile. The mermaid had borne him to the shores of Normandy. There she left him in a deep swoon, a charmed spear by his side. He dreamed he saw a gypsy with sun-burnt face and broken tooth, clad in tat-

tered mantle and wearing a hood of straw. Fagots blazed under her caldron, brimming over with a drowsing brood of imps, while she waved her wand and crooned, "Here I pour sow's blood that eat her nine farrow, and grease from the murderer's gibbet." When he awoke he was surprised to find this spear beside him. To try its strength he hurled it at a tall and mighty oak near by and was astounded to find the tree bend, as a broken reed. With marvellous ease he withdrew it. Keeping his secret, he forged on to Aquataine, there to meet Henry II. of England. The tournament was on. Dermod passed amid the harlequins and merry Andrews; the king's jester was caricaturing a drunken friar; Moors sang madrigals among the crowd of rag-a-muffins. Hurrying over the mall he paused to watch the archers who drew their bows at a pace to score, yards from the target. An immense crowd cheered them on. One of these had placed three arrows in the target's centre. He was deemed the victor, till his antagonist, resting on one knee firmly drew back his bow and launching his shaft with precision, displaced the three, while his lone remained in the centre; his second aim split this in twain, and the third knocking aside the remnants proclaimed his feat incomparable. Now, this fellow was a dog of a Saxon (a Buddagh Sassen-

ach), and the Normans took it ill that they were outdone by a Saxon theow. As they menaced him he wound his gorma round his arm for a shield and drew his ateghar, but the deputies of the day's sport soon restored order. The bugle sounded—the grand falconer commanded silence —the conditions of the combat were read and the joust began. Dermod, in his Celtic garb, attracted much attention, but he remained silently apart, noting the admiration of the fair sex for the combatants, as they cried out: "Man dies, glory lives. Brave knight, fair eyes are on thee!" Bloodshed drew no tears from them. Pages, heralds and squires removed the wounded, while those who fought unfairly had their shields taken from them and were placed astride the palisade in derision. Mace, battle-axe and spear were used indiscriminately. When unnecessary blood was shed Henry threw down his truncheon for a temporary respite. Then the anxious steeds reared, neighed and pawed for the fray. When the truncheon was again raised the spurs were pressed into their flanks, spears were at once lowered and the battle began. One black knight remained unvanquished. "Now," thought Dermod, "my good spirit be with me," and coming forward into the dust clouded arena, he attracted universal attention, not only by his green plume and the propor-

tions of a gallowglass, but by his earnest cry, "My kingdom for a horse!" A horse was brought forth, and after some parley, as these lists were open to all comers, the heavily armored knight laughingly agreed to chastise the Gael for his assurance. Having so nobly fought he might now afford to give the audience a diversion by killing an Irishman. Meanwhile, Dermod, having mounted made this steed of true Arabian blood—a very Alezan—prance, side-wheel, rear, cavort, and bend to the ground; halt and tremble, as if he were diaoul himself. The audience, which had to this treated the affair jocularly, now gave their plaudits unsparingly in appreciation of his wonderful horsemanship. The trumpets blare, but as the black knight's charger was brought to face the opponent, although a noble animal, he quailed and snorted; his eye dilated and he breathed heavily. He refused to move, retreated, and finally fell to the ground overcome by fear. The best horse in all Normandy was now brought to the knight, and with an oath he mounted. Without giving his steed an opportunity to be cowed, he was no sooner in his stirrups than he plunged madly at Dermod, resolved to slay him for the discomfiture he had occasioned. Dermod remained on his horse as if he were a soulless granite statue—a centaur in stone. But no sooner came

the knight near him, than lightly wielding his spear, he by a mere touch unhorsed the knight. He lay as if he were lifeless. All eyes were on Dermod as he was led to be crowned by beauty and love. He, however, did not bow to them, but stood erect before the King. Henry, attributing this to either whim or foreign custom, asked: "And who is this brave unknown?" "A king," answered Dermod, "the King of Leinster, who comes hither to acknowledge thee as his suzerain." Had a thunderbolt struck Henry he could not have been more surprised, for he had just received the bull of Adrian IV. Here was the first Irish king ever known to bend with submissive eye before a foreigner. Henry, feigning mistrust, asked: "And what quarrel brings you here, one of a mighty race?" "None," replied Dermod, falsely; "religion is my promtress. I would have my province converted, increase Peter's Pence and place savage hearts under thy civilized influence." "Now, God be praised, and Saint George!" cried Henry, embracing him. "Thou art a holy man. They repute me ambitious; that I do not think the world too large to be governed by one man, but now ambition hath an honorable end—the power to do good. I cannot now be with you, but go to Albion and there in my name, raise whatever force thou mayest

desire, and I will follow. Take with thee as many panniers, laden with provender, as thou wouldst; and also fearless soldiers. Farewell! O noble Brother, farewell! Let the games proceed. Will you not be crowned by beauty and love?" "Nay," responded Dermod, "for beauty and love too often mean death and war. Will the fair lady pardon me?" So he bent his head a moment in obeisance and then withdrew, his valor their theme, as was his erectness and strength the cynosure of fair admirers. But the invincible, cautiously holding his spear, departed with all the drooping of a traitor's heart; not before, however, taking the hand of his antagonist in pledge of friendship. Seizing a curragh and two stout oars, trusting his good spirit, he rowed across the sea which has upset many a sail. Having reached Albion's shore at Bristol he was compelled to remain inactive till the fog cleared. He then made his way to London town, where he arrived before the tolling of curfew. Resolved to lose no time he set out at once to find friends. He was not a little interested in the difference of houses, and the manners of the Norman and Saxon. London was like a large mercantle city of forty thousand; under military surveillance. Not a few serfs wore metal collars around their necks, on which were inscribed their occupation and the names of their

masters. There was a strict observance of law, though doors were left open at night. Golden bracelets might not hang across the highway and there remain unmolested as in the days of Alfred, for the Norman barons intruded sanctuaries, tortured Jews; resorted to every means in their power to raise money; a power which made them haughty, even to their king. He saw some few criminals in stocks; some had ears cut off, others had holes burnt in them for minor transgressions, while the ducking stool for quarrelsome women afforded him much merriment, and a fear of what overcome Dearborghil in his absence. Here he also met Germans. The Teuton was not a stranger in England. Moorish singers from the court of oranges, puffing cigarettes of Turkish leaf, were much sought after, as they sang much sweeter than the natives; yet the lonely Moor in his picturesque garb mourned the warm sea waves, sensuous breezes, shining beach, tropical sunset and incense of adorable perfumes from shaded groves—far from his home he beat a tatoo to his sad song. Here and there were Saracen slaves. He passed by the Whitefriars on the confines of the city, and the temple, where for centuries debtors fled from Fleet street. On he went, over the wooden bridge and the Strand, till he reached the famous Tower, built in spite

of Heaven and hell, as the story runs. That Tower which has locked up the crimes of British monarchs, and where human ills were cured at a single stroke. Suddenly he espied a man of mail and enormous stature approaching. He was none other than the knight whom he had overthrown at Aquataine. "Thou are the King of Leinster and I am Stephen, Earl of Strongbow." "Why didst thou return, and even now greet me?" asked Dermod. "The king," answered Strongbow, "told me of thy errand. I made haste to follow for hope of glory fills my soul. Having felt thy spear I hold thee invincible, and gladly enroll myself under thy banner if thou wilt accept my terms. I will bring thee the aid of two sterling fellows, outlaws. And I will win Griffith to thy standard. War makes queer touch of the king's sword as he knelt—the touch dungeon at Wales. Should they promise to go into exile, on our assurance they would be liberated. I have seen one of these fellows beat down an oaken door with an unmailed fist. He is a mighty lad, though an outlaw. Forsooth, I have also a friend, Hugh de Lacy, a giant and noble fellow." "And who may these other two be?" asked Dermod. The earl replied, "Fitzstephen and his half brother, Fitzgerald." The king, who knew the majesty of the law, though

he might offend it, said angrily, "Now these fellows be worse than the bandit Crotty." "And, yet," tauntingly replied Strongbow, "they never stole another man's wife!" As if an arrow of fire struck his eyes Dermod drew back a step, and with spear upraised was ready to slay the earl. He, however, remembered his need of this stout arm, and wisely dissembled. "I would have taken that from none but thee, thou brave and peerless knight. Sans peur et sans reproche, thou knowest all." "Even so," said the earl, "and now for my terms." 'What terms?" "Those on which I follow thee, and whereby I will place thee on thy throne in Leinster, make Roderick sue for terms, and restore Dearborghil to thy embrace." "Name them, thou shalt have them," said the king. Strongbow answered, "I have heard of a maid of Erin, who, rising as a naiad from the water, combing her long, golden tresses over her arm, was transfigured into a harp. She has a rival, and her name is Eva—thy daughter. Her would I have." McMurdagh, as half believing his senses, exclaimed, "But thou hast a wife. Is she faithless or dead?" The earl smiled. "Speak, man," said Dermod, as his brow darkened and his eyes rolled. "True," replied Strongbow, "but I will leave her in Albion. She is delicate, and I love her too much

to have her share the vicissitudes of war and the enmities of a strange and plundered people. I would have thy daughter for my leeman." Dermod's breath came fast and hard; his free hand gripped the air, as if seeking to clutch his victim's throat; the blood mounted to his cheek; hate for Strongbow darted from his eye; he would have slain him with a glance. "Villain," he cried. "I wait my answer," said the earl turning to go. Then Judas crept into Dermod's heart and he would betray his own daughter. "Forgive a father's resentment," he answered, sullenly, as he proffered his hand to Strongbow; "but swear thou that she shall never know, for rather than suffer such a fate Eva would hurl herself from the roof of my castle." "What castle?" sternly replied Strongbow. "King of Leinster, what was thy castle lies in smouldering ruins. Thy Dearborghil is in the nunnery of Kildare, so I have learned. Ah! I would make a king of thee!" "Then, swear not," cried Dermod at this news, "for by all the fiends in hell thou shalt have a thousand Evas, though I, her father, dragged her to thy bed. Let us on! On! On!" The maddened king, goaded by this information, set no bounds to his wrath. "On! I will follow thee anon!" Then burst his grief as he stood alone and thought of his treason and

treachery to Eva. "Hot tears," he moaned, "ye shake my manhood—foul serpent's tooth on wounded conscience spare me—Swallow me up, oh siren of the sea, and let me drink oblivion. Would I had been father to a monster! Eva, to shame thee so! For this I'll bear the torch throughout Terna. Aye, burn each vestal at the stake! What base stain infects my blood to make a wanton of my daughter? And for what cursed ambition, unsanctified revenge, what have I done? Never till now hath Rome's curse so affected me. Pelt on, on! pitiless storm, pelt on!"

Strongbow returned to him, saying, "Oh, king, you are waking the lost at sea? Or thinking of boiling peas ere trying on thy sandals for a pilgrimage? I'll on to Wales and thou return to Ferns disguised, and reconnoitre. We will land our forces at Down Donnell, have no fear hoots! Singing:

"Three things make a man lean;

Small beer, bread and cheese, and a bold queen.
Three things make a man fat;

Roast beef, boiled beef and ale tap, and sing fal."

He added, "I'll be with you soon," and so departed, leaving Dermod to his grief. Unceasing the play of his wretched hands, now this now that way, glancing as if to shake off the heat of fiery rain still falling fresh.

Chapter IV.

CWAN AND GENEVIEVE ELUDE THE MALICE OF AENGHUS.

LET us return to that dear, green isle which has been the home of wit, humour and romance. Romance which, if not so passionate as that recorded by Italian chroniclers, possesses nevertheless a lofty sense of virtue, delicacy of sentiment and touch congenial to a temperate clime, healthy temperament and hardy frame. And where do we meet with more refined devotion in martial relations? They were accused of thriftlessness, because they neglected English industries. But their very nature and tradition leads them to thoughts of the chase, to bold deeds of daring. Their clanship, unlike feudalism, did not make the tighern the creature of his king. In feudalism the page held the subject's helmet, mantle and sword. The creature clasped the king's left hand while he felt the comrades. These two are now confined in

of an open sword on his left shoulder in token of possession. Not so with the Irish. To be a Roman were greater than to be a king, so we have heard. But to be an Irish lady were to be a peerless queen. An untutored grace and unaffected dignity enhanced her charms with regal splendor. The chaste reflection of virginity still lingered about her, even after the fecundity of gracious motherhood had rounded her beauty; old age and silver hairs gave her a certain ivied attraction which clad the ruins made by time, with tenderest endearment, such was the chasteness of her thought. The majesty of immortality shining from an unseen future shimmered her ringlets and emblazoned her noble brow. There is something strangely sad about enforced piety.

Unfortunate Dearborghil, looking for the kiss and caress of Dermod, now sits meekly among these cold, untempted vestals, with their belts of pater nosters made of leather and metal bosses, which hung from their slender waists. Knotted cords hung from their girdle, and the ten aves were fastened to a silver ring on their finger. There she sat among them praying devoutly, while her hot blood burned its passion on her cheek, and her eyes glistened with unsatisfied desire. So she mused, in wild rebellious, sinful thought, as follows: "Hell can offer no crueler

pang than the restraint of these natural cravings in those unwilling to be subdued by prayer, fasting and the scourge; kind seems the storm to the self-exiled and weary contrasted to the repulse to affection given at home by those we had more than half learned to love, but death is preferable to the cold embrace of stepmother religion when she has made you an orphan, robbing you of nature's innocent joys till she at last consigns your abortive life to your true mother—earth. Religion is not God, but a means to an end. Nor can we push anyone into the arms of God whose nature is to yield gratuitously; or attract by sweet persuasion." Alas! poor imprisoned Dearborghil, wasting her self-widowed hours in moaning, thou hast the pity of every true lover. Though elsewhere such sin be forgiven, yet here in the isle of saints might we expect such holy penance, where the individual withers and the spiritual world grows more. For, if from Saint Bridget and her cell under the oak at Kildare, whose daughters with thread and needle wove the gold-embroidered vestments, composed sweet hymns and illuminated the sacred word, we return to the disciples of Saint Patrick we meet with the same mystic existence which thought not of the day, but of eternal glory. We cannot wonder at the rapid growth of learning among

the Benedictine and other Orders down to the days of Mount Melleray, when we recall the fact that Saint Patrick was a relative of Saint Martin of Tours, with whom we are assured that he spent some time in those cloisters of sanctity and lore, where the monks consider their vocation a godlike occupation while they multiply celestial words, speaking to the absent, wounding satan. Every monastery had its scriptorium. It was natural for Saint Patrick to kindle this spark among his converts, and easy, from their Druidical descent.

On by the darkling clefts where eagles nest, we meet Aenghus leading a band of mail clad warriors. "Leave thought to age," he cried, as he quaffed the rosy wine of Spain. "I'll drink the mirth inspiring bowl. Fill up again a votive horn to the Druids! And ere we reach the tented shore of the restless deep, by cleft, by rill, by ambushed fraud if need be, I'll send yon mature, young lover in dire dismay to an untimely grave. Genevieve shall soon forget him for the golden distaff. Proceed my mirthful train on your smooth haired horses round yon shaggy brow, for Aenghus is drunk again! Ho, ho, give me soft sleep, fair garments and the joy of wine." His voice died away as he rode leisurely on. He left the round castle behind, cranied

above the live green larch groves, and the song of the thrush in the scented twilight, while the empurpled and golden haze rose over the mosses and wild flowers, its turrets, parapets and embrazures. In ghostly apparition, it stood the sentinel of the horizon. This castle had been built by the Danes in the eleventh century, but had fallen for the time under the control of that restless warrior, Aenghus. From one of its barbicans, high above the castle moat and palisade, gazed our fair darling with beating heart. "By all the prophecies of Columkille," she cried, "wih gae lulic spirit (may you never return)." During the journey of that eventful day Cwan had slipped into her hand his damescene—bladed dagger—whispering to her, "Mavourneen,—death before dishonor!" She understood, and hid the weapon in her bodice—it was a prudent precaution.

While the thunder roared the rain fell, bejewelled by the flash. Beyond the castle suddenly the moon rose high, butress and butress alternately framed in ebon or ivory in the sheen. Then it was that Aenghus withdrew the bolt of her chamber as she lay dozing on the couch, and attempted his purpose. She awoke and fearlessly opposed him. Having entered unarmed he drew back and eyed her, as a lion his prey. "Nay,

Aenghus," she exclaimed, "this dagger will not harm thee, by Saint Declan! But by plunging it to its hilt in my heart I can forever defy thee! Wanton, if you will, my cold and bleeding clay, my love, my hand, my heart while God gives me breath, belong to Cwan; now do thy worst!" Aenghus, foiled and angered, swore an awful oath to kill Cwan, but this awhile terrifying did not subdue her,, for she knew Cwan's wish. He therefore resolved to bide his time, while our fair one, to intercept his resolve thereafter, placed her pallet against the oaken door so that it could not be stirred without awakening her. As he had not the heart to starve her into submission, since he desired not her death, she was for the present safe. "Could I but escape from this rath," she exclaimed; "how long I am to stay here Saint Finnbarr only knows; what will be my fate, ululah wirra strue!"—and she hid her head between her hands. "I dreamed last night that I heard three score psalm singing seniors in Saint Tolas desert, and they prayed for me as I wandered like Thormail begging in shame from door to door, till at last I had reached far beyond Lough Erne. Aye, to the northeast I strayed—then all was light and my dream was o'er. Oh, my Cwan, will I ever see thee again, ceach? But I can sing for thee, and thou canst catch the moun-

tain tarn where I will guide thee far amid the tops of Sleive na Mon, where the red trout dance in the grey lake, or down to the lake in the cave. Through iffa and offa we will stray happily, hand in hand, I and my blind lover." Here she fell a-weeping as if her poor heart would break, for she knew it was but a futile fancy. With restless striving she now beat the walls with her hands till they were bruised; and her dishevelled hair hung wildly o'er her shoulders. Then on tip-toe she pressed on every inch of the tiling, for she new that secret springs were often hidden in such seclusion. Suddenly a block of granite seemed to retreat before her eyes. It was more than a block, it was a granite door! She fell upon her knees, and there she saw that her foot had touched a spring. A wild hope filled her heart. "Now, holy Anchorites," she cried, "help me; and may the prayers of every beggar to whom I ever gave a gold coin, assist me!" Throwing her weight against the granite it slowly groaned on its iron hinges till it revealed a dark passageway. Crossing herself before she plunged into it—for the Irish maid fears ghosts, banshees and the bloody bones of the dead—she entered; growing less fearful as she entered further, she now descended narrow, winding stairs. The castle seemed tenantless, so she could roam

through its extent unrestrained. "Had he killed Cwan, or like herself was he still imprisoned and left to starve." Reflecting, madly she rushed through the rath, shouting, "Cwan, Cwan!" She peered through the loophole grates where captives weep. He was nowhere to be found—perhaps he were in the subterranean passage. Crooning a love song he delighted to hear she went down till she seemed to have reached the bowels of the earth. She ceased singing—when she heard distinctly the word "Mavourneen"—it was Cwan's voice. He was not dead, but horrible dictu. Rushing into where he was chained in a heap of straw she perceived from the torch which glared from its socket that he was living among the dead. Disregarding the bare bones, grinning skulls and armours of the departed, she wound her arms around her lover's neck, and wept for joy as she kissed him, till through exhausted nature she fainted by his side. Poor Cwan's agony was pitiful during her moments of collapse, for he thought her dead, she was so cold. He could not see, so he raised her lips to his cheek to feel her breath—it was there, though her pulse was still; then with a cry of joy he loosened her bodice with modest hand, for he knew she had fainted. Soon her cheek grew warm and her voice tearful. "Go," he said,

"darling! God spared thee madness. Take the torch, for I feel its warmth, and find if provissions are in the castle." Fearfully she obeyed, returning told him that she had discovered a full larder, whereat he heaved a sigh of relief; not for his own, but for her sake. "There are none save us in the prison," she said.

"'Tis well. What see you here?" She stifled a sob, not wishing him to know of the wreck of mortality strewn around, and said, "There are spears and battle-axes." "Say no more, but bring me the heaviest axe your hand may drag. By dint of effort she brought him such a ponderous weapon as Richard alone could wield. Raising this as a feather in his manacled hands, and placing himself in position with the aid of his mavourneen, he first lightly tapped the large ring which linked the chain to the stone—then with one tremedous blow he broke it. Thus liberated, he placed the battle-axe between his knees and beat his locked manacles against its sharp blade till they brokes and left him free. Just then he slipped, and supporting himself on one hand as he arose held within his grasp a bone from the brackish ooze where were skulls —sad mementos of brave lives and untimely ending. "What is this?" he anxiously asked his beloved. "In Heaven's name lay it gently down,"

she moaned, "it is of the dead, and you are in a charnel house." His face fell as he said, "I might have known that strange odor, from the crypt in the cathedral where rest the remains of our sainted bishops." "What need of food here, or of straw?" "Are we then doomed to this?" he added in mournful accents and with drooping spirit. His mavourneen answered him with a modest kiss, and taking his hand gently led him from hence into the pure untainted air. He stretched his arms to their full length, drinking in the air as if it were choicest meadh. "Tell me, darling, what you see?" "I see," she said with forced gayety, "a harp in yonder corner. I see God's heaven through the lattice, and I see what I never more hoped to see—my beloved husband, Cwan." "God bless you for the hope you give me," said he. "Are you not then my husband?" she sought in amazement. "Ah, would it were so," he replied, "but that sacrilege on the green was but a mock marriage; and 'twere well, for now much as I love thee we can never wed. I would bring no such affliction to my love—I am blind." And the salt tears burned his cheek. "Then," his sweet one lamented, "do you not see me with the eyes of your heart—is it not enough? It shames the maiden in me to thus sue for your smile and caress. Have I

offended the light of my soul, that he should leave me barren and desolate?" "Even so," he murmured dolefully, "but I can take the harp and sing thy praises, charms and virtues. Aye, tune to please a peasant's ear the harp a king had loved to hear—yea till my tongue is silent in dust." Enfolding her to his bosom he soothed her melancholy, as love alone knows how. At last she wept no longer, and smiling close to his cheek that he might feel the quivering lips expanded and so learn her mood by touch, she sighed softly, "Sure, 'tis love's test to do thy bidding." A sudden thought inspired Cwan: "How far are we from the ground?" Peering over the embrazure she saw the mellow morning soon to be covered by a soft rain; a troop of blackbirds sailing through the air. Afar off were growling reefs where the pearl shells echoed the sea song to the mermaid; yonder the wild goat topped the mountain, while far below was the portculis. It were a very priest's leap. "We could both roam about the grounds," she said evasively. "How high is the outer wall?" "Some thirty feet," she answered. "Listen, darling!" he said, "'tis life or death with us, foot-sole to neck, or hand to hand. I dreamed last night a dream. I stood beneath a shower of silver rained from heaven, after which followed a show-

re of wheat and a shower of honey; I know not if it were night or day. Then I awoke to hear the clanking of my chains and then thy sweet voice singing, and crying Cwan. Now I propose to escape—I will scale these walls were they mountains high—aye, with yon harp on my back, offering myself to the care of Columbkille who protects the bards, and good Saint Dunstan who loved to hear a song; and before Aenghus returns I will have my kinsmen thundering at his gates, and then you shall be free." "But," asked mavourneen, checking her joy, "I see no ladder leading from the moat to the stairway of the castle." Shuddering, she cried, "It were deeper than that of Horatius at the bridge. My poor, blind Cwan, and didst thou realize thy dream thy mavourneen's tears may but dew her violets, yet—yet fly my lover, I will die thinking alone of thee and God!" "Think, how can I dare to look over this parapet on thy mangled remains?" By this time Cwan had slung his harp over his shoulder, and laughing at her fears, said, "Come, I will show thee how Romeo is excelled without a rope and eyes of dreaming. Fly mavourneen when I am gone, to the topmost turret, and there you will find us coming from the hills of Tipperary. Provision thyself well. See, here is a secret spring; it yields to

the heel but the spring is broken. When all is ready close that door!—it cannot then be opened. When they find me flown, as if liberated by Saint Peter's angel, they will then know thou hast fled as if by spell or magic, not being able to explain that spring. When we return, should they be strongly garrisoned, wave thy silk hankerchief —if not, light and wave your torch when the moon is high in the heavens, for by that light we will attack them. May Saint Patrick protect thee marvourneen! Now lead me to the wall!" With the resignation of a martyr she obeyed, and giving her a last embrace Cwan mounted that wall as if he were a human fly. She then saw but his finger tips on its rim and suddenly he disappeared. A cry of terror went up from her lips but the sound of his harp and merry laughter reassured her that all went well. She then ran to a point of vantage, where she saw him laboring with difficulty on his way—stumbling on, bruising his shoulder against a tree, falling on some cruel stone, as in his haste he paid poor care to his footing. Her heart smote her that she had not persuaded him to remain and die with her, for his death seemed certain—either he would meet disaster self-inflicted or fall into the hands of Aenghus. An uncanny feeling creeps over the female heart when left alone at night with

the dead. She dared not light the torch that night, but cowering with dread on the castle top, remained awake with wide staring eyes. Not a star gleamed in the heavens. She heard the headless coach driven by Captain Slasher—aye, every crack of his whip in some tree branch snapped by the wind, which rising from a zephyr became a howling cyclone, tearing wildly on till it rocked the castle as if it were a cradle. In her agitation she heard the banshee crying in the storm, heard her knock on the wall, felt her brush by. The dead warriors seemed to have risen in their armour, and passing by like the monarchs in Macbeth gazed upon her with pity in their fixed and stony glance. With what distinctness came the cricket sound of the death tick. Now she imagined some brutal Dane with devouring eyes approaching to assail her. Then came to mind the holy dirne-dirge of ghost-like monks; then the Druids' altar at Dunmore was conjured up, and she saw the blood of the victim flowing down the sacrificial rock. Vainly she strove to drive away these gruesome thoughts by dwelling on the beauty of her dead mother—her mother who had died so young, and of whose wondrous charm of face and hand she had heard so much from the seneschal, the gipsy and the witch. A beauty which lingered as a twi-

light in the memory of those who ever knew her, and they said, "Mavourneen was wondrous like her mother." To her she now fled in her paroxysm of fear, and in her arms found that soothing which had oft before dispelled her childish fancies. The mind, however, in recalling the shadowy path, cannot retain the palpable resemblance of reality long. And so those dear arms melting into nothingness left her to all the horor of dispair. She was roused from her nightmare by an apparition which brought the scream to her lips, and it was only by a superhuman effort that she controlled the fatal impulse. From her dark corner she saw down in the valley a horse, a rider and a flaming torch. Keeping in the shadow she perceived the rider open the postern gate, close, bolt and lock it. He was alone, and it was Aenghus! "Now, may Saint Ursula and all her virgins protect me this night! May Esther counsel and Judith inspire me!" she prayed. She crept cautiously to the granite door she had placed between herself and her would-be violator so that she might put her ear to its aperture, since where cement had been the door closed as if it were shrunken oak instead of stone. It left an almost unnoticeable crevice. She had not long to wait; with an oath he burst open the door which bolted from the outside. "May Fin Mc-

Cool come back from hell, but the bird has flown," he cried. "Ha! has she found the spring?" She felt his full force against the door. "She's a witch," he cried; "a witch, hag, she-devil—mortal has not done this, riddle me a riddle! She was carried away in the wind on a broomestick. Now, curse me for coming back alone! I wonder if her lover—her sacristan coulin—has such good spirit to save him also? I will see how he likes the worm and chain!" Cwan's mavourneen placed her hands on her heart, it beat so loudly. There was an awful pause; finally he spoke: "No! let him stay there—not to-night will I go into that graveyard—that dungeon of adders, toads and foul scorpion; not for all the hate I bear him, nor love of her! Let priest seek such a vigil! Not I! I had hoped to sleep with my pretty one but I make a poor cumisach. I tremble like a woman—a nice Lothario! Can Christ have appeared in Gaul? Rubbish! And yet I quail before banshee tales. Ha! I'll quaff meadh here on this stool till my soul revives, and then I'll dare the devil." Mavourneen trembled in every limb. Aenghus in his sober moments was a monster, but in drink he would be a demon. Should he find her were it not better to plunge the poignard into her gentle bosom? While these thoughts assailed her he was singing ribald

songs. From deep potations his voice had taken on a druken huskiness—his words and thoughts were disconnected. Long, long she waited, as if fascinated by a serpent. What was that? A loud, prolonged snore—a second and a third. Bluebeard was asleep—a heavy sleep. An inspiration agitated our heroine. Would she slay her oppressor, and taking the key make her escape? She fell on her knees and prayed fervently for light and courage. So fortified she removed her silk woven stockings, and barefooted stole on tip-toe down the secret passage round to the other side of the castle, then re-ascending she peered into his apartment—her former prison —where Aenghus lay extended, in a stupor. As a lioness she approached him, and lifting her lovely arm to strike him to the heart she espied on the big oak table the key. Softly she took it in her free hand, and another thought possessed her—not to kill, but to escape. On tip-toe she stole to the open door-way; she replaced the dagger, and pushing the door to the jam softly bolted it. Still its grating sound awoke Aenghus, who finding it shut sobered in a moment. Fearfully he lurched towards it, but in vain. Mavourneen having put on her stockings could not resist her sense of triumph, and her sweet voice fell on his ear, as she sang:

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

Aenghus then knew that he was not dealing with fairies, but that he had been outwitted by one of Erin's comeliest and most fearless of maidens. Calmly she lay down to rest, nor woke till dawn. Then bidding Aenghus a long leave she opened the postern gate of the rath, and relocking it, carried away the key, leaving Aenghus to his fate, dangling his bonnet and plume in delirious rage, hammering his free steel wristlet against the barricade.

Chapter V.

GENEVIEVE AND THE CHARMED SPEAR. RODERICK IN BATTLE. DERMOD'S FEARFUL FATE.

THE voice of St. Bernard, the true reformer, the Order of the Thistle was the first went forth for a Second Crusade, and to respond. Whether the McDonald's of Scotland were among the number who went to face the wrath of the terrible Sultan Saladin, who by their achievements made the Crescent a menace to the Cross, we know not. This we know, that no more fearless clan ever trod the earth than the McDonalds of Glencoe, while one of their name at home led on a noble band to meet the Anglo-Normans invading his beloved Terna. Poor Abelard morurned his Elosia, Canon law digested and collected by Gratian, embodied anew and severe legislation against the clergy. Already in the seventh century priests were forbiden to marry, and the feeble protest of Abel-

ard carried no weight against the universal law. Arnold, Abelard's disciple, was burned at the stake. The Albigenses were kindling a flame which would yet involve Europe.

An Englishman, Nicholas Brakespere, had been elected to the See of Rome, ruling under the title of Hadrian IV. St. Thomas, a Becket, worthy successor to Lanfranc in the See of Canterbury, bad heen fouly murdered before his own altar at the instigation of an impetuous and licentious monarch, a monarch whose proud ambition could not be brooked. Who will read homilies to a king, even where lust was the object, and his mentor, the church of the living God? Not satisfied with ruling over Albion, and the third part of the French monarchy, Henry turned his greedy eyes toward the fair green hills and rushing rivers of Ireland. As a priest was yet to betray Spain to the Moors, even so Dermod sold his country to the proud invader. The echoes of the Council of Claredon were still heard in the far west; the songs of Minnesinger, Trouvere and Troubadour, the songs of Chaucer and Petrarch were repeated in the Green Isle by pilgrims and scholars who hastened from continental countries to Holy Cross and Lismore. The wedding of the Adriatic had been celebrated by the bankers of Venice. The good Benedict-

ine monks looked for the first time from their abbeys through panes of crystal, which one of their numbers had made possible. So much for invention. England was replete with chroniclers who crossed daily London's wooden bridge; time was still noted by the diminished sands in the hour glass and by the sun dial, while the grist mills turned in Irish streams long before christianity had reached the isle.

"Now, by Anatis! I will have the hand of thy daughter," said Strongbow to Dermod, "for have I not kept my word? Grey-bearded Roderick, first Monarch of Ireland, finds that all his warriors from Ossory, Meath and Munster cannot destroy thee. For thy castled crag which they burned and razed on thee, I have laid theirs in the dust—not since the great snow have they suffered such disaster. I sent thee Fitzstephen, Fitzgerald and Maurice Prendergast with thirty knights, sixty men of mail and three hundred thrice and hundred archers. For three days my soldiers fought the combined force of Ireland till it rained blood. I came myself with twice an hundred knights and thrice four hundred men. I lay Loch Gannan and Port Lairge, the harbour of the sun and the stronghold of the red-haired Dane, at thy feet. Thou hast received an hundred ounces of gold. Now Roderick sues

for peace and bids thee drive out the Anglo-Normans, but I defy thee in the name of my suzerain, and bid thee bring hither thy daughter Eva for my leeman! Where sleeps she?" "Acheermach," cried Dermod, "must I give my chree mavourneen deelish to this fardorougha? Now, may they put the suggan around my neck for a dunce." Rousing himself to all a father's indignation, he answered, "I fear not thy suil balor, Earl of Strongbow, remember I am the King of Leinster!" Strongbow would have sprung upon him had he not his trusty spear at hand. "Listen, king of Leinster, whom I have seated on his throne," he said; "Strongbow acts not in haste—I'll give thee till to-morrow's dawn to answer me. If then thou wouldst throw down the gage of war for woman's sake I'll fight thee in open battle—not in private brawl. I am no robber of sanctuaries, no secret assassin. You and I have stood shoulder to shoulder in many a bloody fray—bring forth then thy silver plate, thy minstrels and thy usquebaugh, for, king of Leinster, I am Strongbow!" "Agreed," replied Dermod. Full soon music, revelry and riot sounded through the camp. It was long before Dermod could retire to his tent. Once there, he summoned his courier to bear a white flag to Roderick with the following message: "Hail!

monarch of all Ireland, thou of the high forehead —I agree to your terms for the sake of Terna: Let Dearborghil do penance for my passion, which has vanished. I send thee nine hostages; my own son among them, Jeshurun, waxes strong and kicks. Strongbow is defiant. Sound the alarm at once, and by noon to-morrow he will be surrounded, and may we bend him as an osier. Signed, King of Leinster."

Dermod having sent his secret message, fell on his knees to pray, but could not. The taper light waxed dim, there was a moan in the night breeze, a strange fear of an invisible dominating presence affected him. The cold sweat damped his brow and his chill fingers trembled as if some one had stepped on his grave; his heart was leaden and moisture filled his eye. He rose feebly, and turning, saw before him the defloured abbess. "Mark me— look at me! this is the second time," she said with a hideous grin, and disappeared. "Seize her," he cried, but the words stuck in his throat as he fell in a fit. "'Tis but a bad conscience," he murmured, soon recovering. "I, Dermod, afraid of a nun! Would that Dearborghil were her superioress, she'd stop her night prowling, ha, ha!" So he forced himself into exaggerated good spirits, drinking goblets of meadh.

Roderick received the bearer of the white flag with the calm dignity of justice violated, but having heard the message, permitted one of their number to return to Dermod bearing verbal assurance of timely succor. Alone in his tent, Roderick slept no more. Falling on his knees before his silver cross he prayed earnestly to God for victory. "This, then, Dermod, is thy erneach (atonement)—to leave thy deelish a votcen. Now, may I be called beal berg—man talking foolish of battles—the red mouth. If I do not reckon with thee for this may Brian Boru curse me forever." The monarch's anger knew no bounds. "Let him keep his word or it will rain blood. Curse on thee who compelled an abbess to be defloured! First Irish traitor! how have the glories of Erin faded! So the doddered oaks divide to the axe." A blob-like tear drop trembled on his eyelid. "The roe may bound fearless over the blue hills, for I will chase the red deer no more. Ha, how dim the torch burns. Was that the keen of a banshee or only the wind? Ah, an old man's hand is poor comrade to a warrior's heart. Yet will it drive the Ostman in the sea as if they were so many serpents." He rose and buckled on his armour, placing the cross topped crown upon his head. His martial spirit revived, and he exclaimed, "We'll show

Strongbow a nest of Irish too high to take!" and joyfully went through the camp. The various kings, with reviving hopefulness, assembled their provincial clans and made ready for the march. The almoners and chaplains went through the ranks shriving and giving communion, saying to the soldiers, "May God keep your virgin steel unstained!"

Dermod slept on, cock sure of routing the earl of Strongbow by this stratagem, but many's the slip 'twixt cup and lip, and to show how all this happened we must take up the thread of our tale where we left—with Cwan's mavourneen. Fearlessly she mounted Aenghus' fiery steed, and fleet. She seated herself sideways on the croup and blessing herself, whispered, "Manum a yea agus a wurrah" (my soul to God and the Virgin). On she sped with the key of the castle in her keeping, riding hard to see her dear father Tiernan once again and to tell him all. In this cheerful haunt of man and bird a white hare rose in the distance before her, and she longed to chase it as it stood erect listening, with its forepaws beating the air, but she could not. A white hind raced beside her, but she left him behind. On she rode to the north, till at last she came with evening to the cross roads. As she paused, the fresh breeze strained out her flaxen hair till it

glistened like the sheen of a sun silvered banner. A dove flew down upon her head, and the Danish thief of a tiny wren peeped at her from a bobbing twig. Her steed foamed at the bit, he had been so hard ridden; mavourneen had tasted no morsel of food that day. Here was a green shelving dell—a very Rosamond's bower—where naked ladies (a flower) stood in leafless beauty. The sylvan lodge of some forest cutter was visible through the trees. Here were rows of ash and poplars. The birds twittering in the wood sounded like the long and ardent kisses of a mother on the cheek of her babe. Though wearied, she murmured, "What joy fills, thrills me, when my father finds what I have suffered. He will join my lover and we will punish Aenghus. I will tie my horse to this burdock and lie me down to dream in the moonglade." How long she slept she knew not. She dreamed of Jews unloading their hoarded wealth from heavy bags, at her feet—of Leprechauns leading her to mines of gold. She was decked with jewels—fairy men in velvet coats and cocked hats were rolling spiggots of wine to her banquet—the will o'the wisp danced merrily over the gold mine. Then she thought that she was married to Cwan, and blushed under his kisses, before he went to battle against cattle stealers. The neighing of the

steed awoke her; she heard a female voice. Rubbing her eyes in wonder, she exclaimed, "Ereud ata uait (what do you want)?" She heard these words: "Ma Shaughth millia mellach ort (seven thousand curses on you)!" Her steed reared wildly in the air, prancing, cavorting, plunging and shuddering with fear till the foam flecked his smooth hair. Wherfore she listened attentively, for now nerved by the elixir of resucitated hope she would not have feared the diaoul himself. She saw a withered Caillach (old woman) with shaggy red hair, clad in a scarlet shawl which deepened in the moonlight; she held an oaken staff in one hand, a barren branch in the other. Her piercing grey eyes peered over the promontory of a horned chin, large cheek bones and shriveled skin. A long, knotted finger was pointed at our darling. "Who are ye?" she asked bravely. "I am the good spirit of the McDonalds of Glencoe and the bad spirit of Dermod, king of Leinster, who has brought woe on Terna, turning her crystal wells to founts of gushing blood." "I am a McDonald," answered Genevieve. At this the spirit replied, "Aye, thou art Genevieve, comliest maid that ever trod the earth since Eve and Our Lady; truest heart that ever loved a lover, and purest love that heart ever wooed. Thou I christen queen of sorrows,

for thy work is not yet done nor thy woe ended." So saying, the hideous wretch, like a Cambrian prophetess, glared at her through her remaining eye and sat aloof while spelling out some antique scroll. Then she drew around her with her staff a wide circle. Suddenly the heavens were coffin mantled, the lightning flashed, the earth groaned and trembled. She beckoned our heroine within the shelter of her cave, where she lit a taper, revealing about the walls hmuan skeletons. Here was a copper cauldron into which she threw the scroll. Diving into the corner, the hag brought out a wild cat and a pigeon—the cat she flayed to death; the pigeon she divided. She then called on three demons, whose phantom shadows were felt rather than seen, till at last they spoke to her in the shape of a three-headed black dog. "Now, by the hand of Arsenius! I will ride my broomstick no more," she said, "nor wear the tonsure, nor break a mirror, nor mix the dust of a charred first born babe with wine, nor drink it as a sacrament if thou answerest not." Then she cut off the heads of this hydra, which took on a more fiendish front. At last they answered in a tongue, not Sanscrit nor Gaelic, but something Cabalistic, whereat the grinning hag beckoned the apparition and the storm away. "Lady, thou art," she said, "born with a caul,

and of the seventh generation, seven time seven. Rise! Mount thy steed! I have work for you my bonnie lass Lha Dhuthe. Dark day has not yet come tha sha marrhe (life passes—death stays). Mount the cush gastha (light foot), do my errand, and thou will not rue it, for my spirit is crushed and I cannot return to rest while my task remains undone. The children of Erin will leave the cabin and the brouch (cabin tree) bearing the shamrock across the dark wide sea to worlds unknown, sobbing with aching hearts, outnumbering the tribes of Israel, wearing the badge of bondage, crushed under the heel of the Sassenach. Their learning denied by the people as yet unborn, their virtues despised, their graves tearless—all because of Dermod's sin. For this I curse him and will undo him! Listen! a mermaid hath given the spear which belongs to the McDonalds of Glencoe to this traitor. It is charmed; take it from him; it will work wonders and bring thee to thy lover." "And what of my father?" sighed mavourneen. The witch frowned, and only answered, "Thy lover. Take you yon road! It will bring thee to Dermod's camp; then turn thy steed loose; I will be near thee invisible, but leading thee on as Judith of old. Go!" Genevieve prayed, "Be with me, before me—after me—in me—under me—over me—at my

right—at my left." Blessing herself, without looking back she mounted, and never went horse shuddering at every twig, fast and faster till at last he fell dead at her feet. It was early dawn, and she was in Dermod's camp. Light as the viewless air the martial maid glides through the camp. Unquestioned by anyone she entered Dermod's tent and found him in a deep slumber, his spear beside his couch. She paused to regard him. He was certainly handsome for his years, but a sinister smile hovered his weak, receding chin. With a sense of regret she murmured, "Unhappy lover—unfortunate Dermod." She then took the spear and passed out, reaching the bounding of the camp, where she met a gallowglass guarding. "What are ye?" he asked, dazed by her resplendent beauty. "A woman," she answered. "If so, then I'll not fear thy beauty; who art thou?" "Tiernan McDonald's daughter." Whereat he bowed low. "But fair lady, thou hast a spear in thy hand, and thou hast come hither from the king's tent. Art thou a leeman? At the word Genevieve thrust her spear full at him; he fell without a groan; Genevieve passed on. She now found herself beside her dead steed without a coin in her possession—liable to fall between the lines of skirmish carrying with her only a spear and a dagger—strange toys for our

lady whose joy had been to coy with her dove or fondle her greyhound. She saw before her on the ground a banshee's comb and avoided it, "for," she reflected, "it may harm me to pick it up—perhaps Leinster's good spirit and my bad spirit has placed it there." A mouleen (cow without horns) gazed at her with grave eyes, and she blessed herself. A cross-eyed woman met her her on the road, and she crossed herself again. Mindful of what the spirit told her she held the spear balanced horizontally in the palm of her hand; acting like a magnetic needle or divining rod, it steadfastly pointed to the northeast. This perplexed Genevieve sorely, for surely Cwan had by this reached his kinsmen and must be on his way to the round castle. Perhaps they were seeking the help of neighboring clans; perhaps the spirit had deceived her, and after all that she should see her father first. How she longed to throw herself in his arms! She must go from door to door like any English beggar and journey on, footsore, God only knew how far. But 'twas for love, and women have died for love a thousand times, or have been as faithful in life as Penelope of old. She fell to musing on the past, when she played checkers with Cwan and he could catch her in the double corner; how she watched her father checkmate the bishop in four moves.

Those were the days when her three nurses told tales while the six horsemen who guided her childhood were wrestling on the green. She remembered tales of fairy palaces; how an eight-headed centipede, seeing drunken ladies hop around like sparrows, devoured them; how Saint Patrick walked over a bridge of live snakes spitting star light; how he banished an evil woman to the Red Sea, where she rattles her chains through the long night, or a sweeter tale of a colleen who, doubting the beauty of her lover to be mortal, tied a ball of yarn to his cloak before he left her, and by its unravelling traced him to heaven. They told her of the banshee and the lost comb and of the broken mirror; of witches burning the shin-bone of a deer in a fire of cherry wood out of which would rise a wisp of hair, a shroud of wraith or mist. Then they would hold her over the well to see in it the starry heavens of a lower world. Tired by their stories they would put her to bed, where she would dream of her playmate, Cwan. What was life without Cwan? "Poor, poor Evadne, I feel thy pain?" she cried. "A restless longing that brings tears to the eyes of sleep when my arms are empty of delight. Dreaming of Cwan, I never care to wake, for then he is no longer blind, but I see the blue eyes that wooed and won me sparkle full of

laughter and shine full of softness. Ah! will I ever see my Cwan agin? " So after her imprisonment she began a long and weary search for her lover, often peering over the flowery hawthorn, as if he should be near (jucundum cum aetas florida ver ageret). When Dermod awoke and found his spear missing he was a very Domitian—mad from fear; habituated to praeternatural aid, he felt his doom was at hand. He gave orders to find it—a search was made throughout the camp, but they only returned with word of the slain gallow-glass, and brought him back no spear. Then he knew that it had been taken and not mislaid, but purposely removed, so his face was maimed with sorrow, though he would dissemble (dolus a virtus quis in hoste requirat). The earl of Strongbow now came to meet him. "Ha," he exclaimed, not pretending to observe the king's agitation, "thy mountain dew is peerless nectar; compared to it the famous ercane is but lethe. I feel as happy as if I were cock throwing. Well, do we fight shoulder to shoulder or face to face?" "Shoulder to shoulder," answered Dermod feebly and half hearted. "If so," replied the earl, "Strongbow's followers will become hibernis, hiberniores; our wives will give pap to your babes, and surely your fair women will not be outdone in friendship." "I have a grave communication,"

answered the king. "I have drawn Roderick into ambush; he will attack us by noon and we must be men." So Dermod dissimulated, reflecting with grim humor, "Now that my spear is gone I must depend on my Strongbow." "Why do you smile, Dermod, I never saw thee smile before?" inquired Strongbow. "For victory assured," he said. Then the earl broke out in a refrain from a Spanish poet, "egaz monez, now for ate." "And a battle like Ascalon," he cried, with a hearty laugh. He saw not Dermod's hate. Suddenly he faced him and cried, "By all the assasins of Persia, do you meditate treachery?" "Here is my hand in pledge," answered Dermod. "Enough," said the earl, after which they parted, each going to his tent. "Ah!" he murmured, "Strongbow, I have the heart of Sheikl al Jebal for thee, but not the hand. But my fond Achates I will yet deceive thee! There may be more in Pandora's box than thy philosophy dreams of. Timeo danaeos et dona ferentes (mayest thou wither off the face of the earth)!" "See how yon torch burne—the storm is in the flame—who comes?" he cried, quaking with fear, as a warrior rushed into his tent and a clan full five hundred strong waited without. "Ha, thou art a toisach of the clan of McDonald! What dost thou here to beard McMurdagh in his tent?" "Nay, nay,"

answered the armor clad toisach, "I am Aenghus, outlaw if you will. I bring this array to make battle under the flag of Leinster." "Explain thy motive, for thou hast one!" "Listen, oh king. My faithful steed lies dead before thy camp. He skimmed the mountains like a swallow, he pawed for the battle, he sped as an arrow, and never before faltered under weight or journey. He lies dead. I myself have barely escaped a fearful death; the timely arrival of my clan alone saved me." He gasped for breath and stuttered in his hurried speech. "That horse was ridden by Genevieve McDonald—she is here—you, your kerns, your soldiers have seen her coming from your tent—what evil purpose brought her here? Give her up to me!" And here he glared insanely. The truth flashed on Dermod's mind. "Aye, I knew it not. I slumbered—she has stolen my spear and slain a gallowglass." "Bore she in her arms a blind youth?" sought Aenghus. "None," replied the king. "And yet," reflected Aenghus, "he is not in the dungeon." How much longer this converse might last, matters not. The sun stood high in the heavens. The king interrupted further inquiry. "Prepare for battle," he said to Aenghus. "Roderick will be on us in a moment; wait my orders!" As he stood there mailed and plumed, Dermod looked

every inch a king. The steady tread of Roderick's approaching army could be heard like falling timbers of the forest. As they surrounded the battle field Tadgh O'Lonargan, Bishop of Killaloe, whose hope it was to shrieve the dying, bless the dead, rode beside Roderick persuading him to proceed prudently—not to be overhasty—and to use victory mercifully. "You know," said the bishop, "that the use of cross-bow, javelin and arrow is prohibited by the council of (balistariorumet saggittariorum exerceri anathema prohibemus). Is not the lance and sword sufficient?" The king smiled. "Irishmen must fight their own way; our invaders have their mangonel and armour, and Dermod's treachery. And even as we are, I fear the result." "Will you promise me to be merciful to the slaves if victorious?" "That I will if victory comes, but I fear the Norman spear more than the foaming boar or yellow lion." Saint Laurence went about inspiring the thirty thousand soldiers, among whom were many Danes. The army at a word from him fell on their knees to receive the last absolution. The sun shining on their scarfs of chain steel, their shirts of mail, their glistening hose, their mail quilts, hoods and mambrino, their horses armored and caparisoned, as their slogan "Buddagh Sassenach" rang wildly, so they rose like the billows

of the sea. Pike met wolf spear and stout claymore. The notes of pibroch and bagpipes were loud. Their strength rolled on, unsuspecting and unheeding Dermod's division—on to the tent of Strongbow. Then the king of Leinster gave the word, and a hail of well-directed arrows left many a wounded heart perishing. Thus repulsed, Roderick's army vainly struggled to extricate itself. Perceiving Dermod's treachery, Roderick tore away from the restraint of the holy bishop, the terrible splendour of wrath in his enkindled eye inspiring the contagion of war.

During the night fire had answered fire from camp to camp. Steed threatened steed. Busy hammers closing rivets gave awful note of preparation. Dawn found them all amassed promiscuous. Roderick wore in his helmet a triple plume spangled with diamonds dancing high in the air; he wore a collar of gold and rode his barbed steed ready to give battle heart and hand; his own blue sky above, his own green land around him. Order soon prevailed. A forest of spears, thronging helmets and serried shields were thick arrayed in depth immeasurable. Crying aloud, "We come back in glory or we come not again," soon the swerving line advanced mid odious din, mid yells of rage and shrieks of agony; groans of death and shouts of victory.

Troops of heroes swept gallantly by, rushing to glory or the grave, thundering blows on plate and mail, making bloody furrows on the flesh. Weapons clash mid maddening cry of those who kill and those who die. The faint and weary sleep amid the dead untrampled, while others, hopeless but not heartless, hand to hand strive and struggle still till many a husband lies grovelling in death. The minstrel falls, but the foeman's chain cannot bring his proud soul under. There, too, were the mothers of that forest land who dared to wield the battle brand, who cheered their husbands through the fray and soothed them through the night. There appeared ridges of spears, there was sudden sound of hoofs, and noble chargers faced war with rods of steel and fire, mid solemn psalms and silver litanies, the flashed fire of striken helmets. There were the broad shouldered kernes. The mad darts strike together, making the noise of frosty woodlands when they shiver in January mid the wild warring winds. Roderick made straight on toward Dermod. Thinking that he had killed him with a mighty blow from his battle-axe, he rushed by, on his beautifully caparisoned steed. His soldiers inspired by this marvelous show of heroism, hastened to his rescue. In the tumult of contending armies, the slaughter was as the meeting and

breaking of clouds of blood. Their pipers playing. "Ha, til! mi tulidh, Ha, til! mi tulidh, Ha, til! mi tulidh!" (we return no more! we return no more! we return no more), though some with more heart played Garry-owen. Many of the Normans, panoplied in steel, pushed into the fray; others guarded the timber parapet which rolled on, as they hurled huge rocks and plied their long tipped spears. Fearful was the havoc whereever this engine of death came.

Strongbow fought bravely, but was finally compelled to retreat under the terrible onslaught. The birds flew low, and it seemed as if an eclipse had hid the sun from them. But now over the hills came King Henry II., himself in his gold spurs, and bearing the banner of St. George. He was followed by a veritable host of archers; then followed knights in scarf of mail, their hands on their halberts; others on blanketed steeds, rode spear in hand; then came the death-dealing mangonal. In all he had five hundred knights. He would have brought more, but that he preferred their three pound scutage. He made up the difference by his daring, and felt confident, all England, equipped as it was by his law of assizes of arms. Here, then, we find burghers with their wambais (thick wool quilt) and their iron gorget; here also were templars, Benedictines, bish-

ops and branbancons—the soldiers required to grind their own flour and dress their own food. Their shields hid the green fields. Numberless pennons streamed in the wind. The cry, "Fag an bealac," was answered by shouts of "God Almighty and ouct, ouct." So the terrible struggle continued. Dermod rose to his feet, for he had only been stunned. Under the combined force of foreigners ,and owing to the treachery of Dermod, the result was no longer in doubt. Seeing which, Roderick swore by the precious tears of the Madonna. Then with his lion's eye rolling, he called for the nine hostages. Placing Dermod's son where Dermod must see him, he gave word to the archers to draw the bolt, and as they obeyed the nine toppled over dead, like cut alders, on the green.

Dermod's heart was wrenched, for his son was the apple of his eye, and he moaned, "Una dies infesta mihi tot praemia vitae." The fight continued among the cavalry—part sat like rocks, part reeled but kept their seats; part rolled to earth and rose again; part stumbled, many lay dead (semi animesque micant digiti, fer rumque retractant). Roderick rushed on like the monarch of the forest, giving stroke on stroke. Roderick, chief of the hundred hills, whose deer drank of a thousand streams, while a thousand rocks answered the voice of his dogs, whose hair

was as the raven, fought on; his hand was the death of heroes till he stood before Henry and smote him with his battle-axe. Henry, unhorsing him, would permit none of his soldiers to slay so brave a monarch. "Come," cried Roderick, "thou murderer of Saint Thomas!" But Henry answered him kindly, for his heart was contrite. "It grieves me much," and rode on. A mist passed over the eyes of the lowly crestfallen monarch; for a moment it seemed as if slaying himself he would crimson the heather bed. "Death would not come to me," he murmured. "Gpading dia eiom gac uilemd." (Love God above all things). "Then shall I, like Faithlerach and Neal haste to a monastery and pray to my last day for beloved Terna. All was now lost, and sullenly the Irish troops retreated, leaving their dead behind. Strongbow was the first to meet the king; baring his head as he knelt down, he cried out, "Hail! suzerain of Ireland!" Dermod following, said feebly, "Hail! suzerain of Leinster!" Aenghus added, "And of Ireland!" But the Leinster men made no response, and when Aenghus withdrew abashed to the rear one of his own kinsmen stabbed him in the neck and he met his Maker. Nor would the comrades divulge who did the deed, but replied, "He deserved it." "Was he the Mauric McDonald who strove to

wrest the bishopric from Saint Malachy?" sought the sovereign, of Strongbow. "Nay, this fellow's name was Aenghus," answered the earl. "Why then did they stab him?" "Because," was the reply, "they consider him a traitor—the miserable savages—for a monk to him was a toad in a hole, but a bishop a pig in grain." As the king was going to his tent, Strongbow said, "Wexford has also submitted, gracious sovereign, you will an easy conquest find." "Not so, by Saint George!" replied Henry; "these Irishers be the best fighters I have ever seen." It was now dusk, and Henry retired to his tent. Maurice Prendergast followed to tell him briefly of his success, aided as he had been, by Donald, son of Dermod, in the surrender of Wexford. This was joyful news to Henry. Robert Fitzstephen, with a wild eye in his head, then told his exploits. The earl of Pembroke concluded by detailing the capture of Port Lairge, introducing his friends Maurice Fitzgerald and Raymond LeGros. The king then spoke: "I propose to recognize the heads of the most formidable and most friendly kingdoms of Ireland. Here the earl has given me the list. The McMurdaghs of Leinster, O'Neils of Ulster, O'Briens of Thomond, O'Connors of Connaught, O'Malachys of Meath; as for the rest, gentlemen, earls and knights, you may divide it."

They bowed their gratitude. "Gracious sovereign," continued Strongbow, who was their spokesman, "we took a grip on the main chance by already giving the natives a sample of Saxon law. We tortured some malefactors by breaking their limbs and flinging them into the sea." Henry was silent and looked grave. "It was a bad omen," he said, "but as for Dermod, let him be slain as a traitor. I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome. Cursed be the heart that had the heart to betray this fair land!" The earl detecting his error, said, "You are weary, sire—see yon moonbeams crisp the curling surge; a good night's rest to thee. All the fair maids of Erin are at thy disposal." So they retired, leaving the king to his devotions, while Strongbow whistled the "Connaught Rambler," reflecting, "the king gives us baronies which he will seize for trifling debts.' It had been an eventful day. Dublin, despite the prayers of Saint Laurence, was now in the hands of Henry, while poor Roderick, Ardigh of Ireland, exhausted by his efforts and lack of success, was already harrassed by the ambition of his sons, seeking to dethrone him—so it was rumored. Saint Laurence tried to encourage him, saying, "Meruitque timeri nil metuens."

One would have thought that Strongbow should rest content with the glory of his success

and hie him to a virtuous couch. But he was cruel, bold, reckless and passionate. Confiding his secret to fifty of his most fearless followers, he told them of Dermod's treachery to him, and how he now intended to wreak on him a humiliating revenge. "Come, and do not remove your barrads (headgear); he would treat us as bonnaughts (mercenaries)—and yet has no back." Strongbow surprised Dermod in his tent by exacting the fulfillment of his promise. "You know not that my daughter Eva, with the summer of the vines in all her veins," said Dermod, "is the child of a king who looks for protection to Henry, King of Albion, who will yet crown me Ardigh of Erin." "Nay, I know it not," said the earl; "boolech (a stream) must first submerge Clonmel before thou art made the peer of Roderick. Come, lead me to the daughter or I will plunge my ateghar into your lying throat. My armed and trusted men surround thy tent. I warn you, as you value life, make no motion, give no sign of alarm to your kinsmen—lead on!" With trembling limbs Dermod mounted his horse, and led them till he passed quaint buildings by the rugged pavement on to the gloomy castle which his daughter occupied temporarily in Dublin. Strongbow, leaving the majority of his men without, followed him in with a body guard through an

arched gateway. They went from the ramparts to the inner castle, the staircase of which was lit by lamps attached to the walls at long intervals. He finally entered one of the chambers they sentineled. Brushing aside brusquely the arras and hanging tapestry, he said, "Now, King of Leinster," and here he threw himself on the couch supported by huge griffons carved in bog oak, "bring me thy daughter for my leeman!" Dermod fell on his knees; "Oh! potent earl," he sobbed, this day I have lost a son—rob me not of my daughter!" "Say that word again, and it is thy last!" answered Strongbow. "I do not rob." It was now life or death with Dermod. He had proceeded but a few paces from the door when his beautiful daughter fell upon his neck. "What goes amiss?" she sighed. "You have lost a brother," he answered, dissembling his true cause of grief. Unmindful of her scant attire she clung around his neck kissing him tenderly. "But you have a daughter," she replied, encouragingly. The stone of her word fell heavy on his heart, and he burst out weeping afresh. "Machree," he moaned, "I am bid lead you to the Earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow. Come, he said, as he would lure her by the gentle meaning of his look." "Surely grief had distraught thee, loved parent," she replied, "this is no hour, no place,

no dress," she smiled, "for introduction." "Come," whispered the father hoarsely. Eva looked him full in the face; his eyes were downcast, but there was a purpose in his words; a tightening in his grip—she did not understand. Releasing his hold, he said, "Wait, acushla, my life depends on it, I will return." Dermod, closing the door, went into Strongbow, while blushing Eva would have sought a cloak to hide her charms. But perplexed and marvelling she stood irresolute. "Where is Eva?" asked Strongbow, with a menacing look. "Go you to her, in God's name!" groaned Dermod, "she will not come." "Then, by heaven!" replied Pembroke, "remember your promise! Drag her to my bedside! Go!" saying which he drew his sword. There was no alternative. Dermod came back to Eva. He said, "Obey your father, go to the great earl and save my life." "How, father?" she innocently asked. "At the sully of thy soul!—come!" and seizing her by the wrist he averted his face. "Nay, nay," she cried, now seeing violence used. "Father, sweet father, let us both die! Kill me and he will slay thee and our pain will be over!" But Dermod dragged his unwilling daughter after him. Shuddering at her suggestion for him to die, he said, "Is it not lawful for a father to sell his daughter?" "Ah, father, use me not so, pity my shame! Thy Eva

is well nigh unclad—let no strange eye fall upon her, sweet father! Mercy, oh mercy! Help! Oh, sweet Jesus!" But Dermod, despite her screams, thrust her in and left her at the couch of Strongbow, closing the door on his exit. He clapped his hands on his ears, that he might no longer hear the cries of his outraged daughter, for her shrieks shook the very walls, till demon voices echoed through the corridors.

Dermod's cheek grew ashen pale, his limbs refused to hold him up, for now he had seen for the third time—gazing at him through the grating —the face of the defloured abbess, wearing a hideous grin. He could feel her breath, so close she came. It froze his soul for he felt his day was done.

Vainly had O'Rourke sought him on the battlefield. Instead he encountered Fitzstephen in a narrow gorge where, hand to hand, the sword of the Sassenach enters his corselt, rends his garment, and O'Rourke dies, praying for Dearborghil.

They led Dermod back to camp where, lying on his couch, he fell sick. On the morrow it was discovered that he had the pox, and being placed on a stretcher he was brought beyond the camp, and there, alone, without anyone to moist his parched and fevered lips, without even the

minstrations of his chruch, he died, unaneled—unanointed. The eagles came down and preyed on his body, plucking his heart out. His bones were gathered together and thrown into the sea. Such was the fate of Dermod, first traitor king of Ireland.

Chapter VI.

GENEVIEVE'S WANDERINGS IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER. HER SPEAR LEADS HER TO THE GRAVE OF ST. PATRICK. THEREAFTER GUIDED BY SHAMROCK WHICH SHE LOSES AT SLIEVE-NA-MON.

POST tot Naufragia tuta. Mavourneen was much perplexed by the behavior of her spear. Still she regarded it with a holy dread and obeyed instinctively. It made her fearless of the outlaws infesting the forest, and ghost-like monks in the moonlight who frequented the ruined abbeys on their vigils and their phythagorean fasts. Many an evening she put up at a sod sided and turf built wattle hut—plastered

wicker work woven of tree branches, its walls chinked and daubed with clay. Footsore and weary, some kindly herdsman and his barefooted cushlas instinctively knowing friend from foe, gave her a hearty welcome. The rosy children gathered around her in mute eyed wonder to hear her pray, telling Our Lady's psalter on her fingers or singing the Jesu dulcis memoria. Then she would pick up the good man's babe in her arms, some dimpled darling, with merry hazel eyes. Its chubby fingers clutched at her clustering curls as it laughed and prattled as only innocents may. It crowed as she swung it high in the air, and bringing it down to her velvety cheek, nestled it there till she could no longer stand the thrill of its kisses. "Heaven lies about in our infancy," she murmured; "then we are angels' playmates," and so her heart was the heart of a girl again. She fondled the dear and sang it a lullaby till it closed its lids, and as it lay still in her tender embrace she thought of Cwan, and what might have been but for their cruel separation. The wishes of a mother crept over her maiden heart, her snowy breasts swelled, the blush trembled on her cheek, for the sweetest story yet untold and she wept in silence, then dried her tears smiling, "What ails this heart of mine?" Then the children gazed on her beautiful face in respose, fairer than her white wand. They loved to be with her,

for there was a hidden and subtle charm for evils and headache in the touch of her hand. Then the good man of the house, which dwelling was located either on a hill-top or in deep morass, would sing a refrain such as this, as he washed his hands after his day's work:

"There are three ornaments to a house;
A teacher versed in song, a book, a smith in his smith.
There are three punishments for theft;
First prison, second cutting off a limb and third a gallows."

From which song we know this must have been a Welsh emigrant. When they saw the tear in Genevieve's eye for her secret sorrow, she would tell them a legend while the children washed the kish—a legend such a this:

"A cruel knight loved Cene's son more than the others. This son, Ulick, was of fair face and noble build, and among the maidens whom he had insulted was one Ona; insulted with a love warm as it was short. Her brothers sought to avenge the crime that makes men to laugh and women to weep—men to jest, and women to hide their faces and die. Ulick's wild career was cut short by the plague. His father lifted up his voice and wept, and between the sobbings of a broken heart he said, 'My son, the beloved of my

bosom, the strength of my house, the golden-haired, whose voice is the music of dancing waters and whose step is swifter than the red deer's, he shall stay in his father's castle!' But the voices of his sons overpowered that of the old man, for they would not be sacrified. So, as was the custom, the youth was removed to the field. A shed was erected over him, and a pitcher of water was left by him, and a loaf of unleavened bread signed with the sign of the cross—alone away from the music, the dance and the hunting horn—away from the sweet care of kindred—alone with the madness of the mad disease, and with no peace of soul. Now, when his love grew cold to Oona she made no complaint, humbling her too trusting heart to the dust meekly in confession she prayed for this world's penance. She went to the women in the white church, and looking beyond this world to the next, she feared not the plague. Her kindred shrank from every breeze, but Oona did not. She walked in shower and sunshine and blessed God for one and the other. At last she heard of Ulick, who now lay where his father's dogs would not respose when the day was done. Then her well of affection, which neither injury nor desertion could dry upon her faithful bosom, sprang up anew, and she said to herself, 'I will watch beside the door and moisten his lips

and pray for him ,and if it be that his time has come, smithen by the angel of death, my spirit may pass with his, and so, though we could not be united in life we may be in death. The next morning those who crossed over the moor and looked across the rippling water to the small hill where the plague shed stood, there with her face turned to the door saw Oona rocking herself to and fro, and they whispered her strange story and her brothers prayed for her. The next morning she was still there, and the next, and at last she sat quiet as if tired, her face still turned to the door, and the people wondered. Now they saw the carrion crow wheeling in the air above the shed and the hoarse croak of the raven mingled with the moaning of the wind, and they said, 'Ulick is dead.' But neither raven nor crow entered the hut, for they were driven back by a small white bird that hid above the door, and when the raven, the wisest of winged things, tried to enter he would fly at him and he would depart. The next morning they saw Oona sitting and the raven and the crow heeded her not; nor did the white bird heed her, but still prevented the foul carrion from entering the hut. At last the people crossed over the moor and found Ulick dead, and they called to Oona to come away, but she answered them nothing, and then one of

her brothers went up to her and laid his hand on her shoulder and said, 'Oona come home. The cow loweth for thee in the field, the calf and the new dropped lamb have no one to tend them. Now Oona, come home with the child of your mother, God has avenged you.' And Oona made no reply, and her brother drew back her hood and her face was the face of a corpse—his sister was dead, and the people placed her body beside the body of Ulick without fear, and they put fire in the shed and from their ashes sprang the seven thorn tree which remains to this day. And people say that Oona sometimes comes back in the form of a small white bird singing among the branches." Then Genevieve would smile through her tears and laughing a hearty laugh that had a silvery echo as she watched them grind the meal with a hand mill or fill the mazer or noggin with milk, would tell them a tale—a merry one of King Larva, who, like Rex Midas, had asses' ears. How he commanded that his people would let their hair grow long to hide their ears. How he had a barber once a year to trim his hair, and then ordered him slain. This barber being drawn by lot. How at last a widow's son was chosen and she begged mercy of the king, who, relenting, gave him his life as the price of his secret. But the youth finding his secret unbearable was

told at the anchret's window to tell it to a willow tree. How a harper looking to mend his harp came to the four roads, and finding a willow tree, took a branch and fixed it in his harp, began to play for the king, when it sounded, "The king has asses ears." And the king being ashamed, after that condemned none to death, nor did any criminal suffer death thereafter during the eighth century. Then she would tell some tale of the good soggarth, or how the mouse creeping out of the dead man's skull, poisoned the king to death; then some glory of the kings of Eli (Tipperary), or of Armudh Lonargan, the good Abbot of Tirda Ghas. Then they all loved mavourneen for her humor as well as for her beauty, and with many a cead mille Faltha from the old man with his clay pipe in his mouth, and "God be with you!" she left them and journeyed on till her spear brought her in sight of her father's castle with its lofty turrets, their indented rims breaking the monotony of their masonry. Parra gastha (swift Paddy), Shaun buie (yellow Jack), Michael more (Big Michael), Sheemus rue (red James) were coming home from the grassy quarry. Michael More, who had been Genevieve's father's henchman, carried himself proudly, waving his shillelah. "God save ye," he said to Parra gastha,

"you're the best spalpeen that ever shook a brogue at a pattern," as they clapped one palm against another. "I am glad to the heart to see any one from your part," answered Parra. "Of a truth I am singing a bit of refrain."

"With rattlin' and with thumpin'
His stampin' and his jumpin'."

"Sure," he exclaimed, "Here is Sheemus rua without kith nor kin. Lord save us! What bad luck sent a red headed sinner like you across us?" "Sure," he replied good naturedly, "taking a start of the road to call the cattle home. I met Shaun buie coming down the long wild lane among the weeds and long grasses down from the lone house in the bosheen. Here he is, he says the house is haunted or full of good people." "Ah, thin," said Michael, "I'd save Shaun from the fairies with a heart and a half." "Then its taking the will for the deed I'd be," said Shaun. "Though Michael to the fore and may you always stand in the light of a priest's blessing." Para sneezed, and to a man they pulled off their head covering and half genuflecting said "God bless you!" "God bless you, too," said Parra, "and a merry Christmas to the monks, begorra, for they tell us to fast while they hurry home for their dinner." "None of your breed was ever a gintleman," retorted Mich-

ael, "to belie a saint." "Arrah, go on you're only teasing; here's a toast to the poor patient oyster sleeping in his pearly house. Arra what's there to fear? I never knew a monk without a red nose, and the devil's as welcome wherever he goes." "Bedad," answered Shaun, "speaking of the house in the lane, I found the shattered panes stuffed with straw wisps, bats flew over my head, suddenly a little man in a three-cornered hat covered with gold lace, silver buckles on his shoes, stood before me bidding me straddle a bit of a rush as if it were a nobbie (Bonnach Lath). Good night," says I, as I took to my heels, and here I am." "Bad cess to Dearborghill, but we're in a pretty mess,' said Parra. "It's an old song and a true one, never let man trust a woman too long—fal lal lililili la." The others joined in the chorus. "Sure, Shaun, talking of the fairies, didn't I see his little cocked hat and his startling eyes, and his tilted ruby nose and his chattering teeth. He was squatted like a lad on the grass in the graveyard he-hawing like a jackass under the malignant moon. 'Twas I muttered pater nosters, ulalooed and hubabooed, took to me scamper and thought I was dead entirely." At this turn in the tale they recognized Genevieve (queis arte benigna et melior finxit praecordia Titan). Truly was mavourneen formed of superior clay and animated

by a purer ray. There where the form of the culdee flitted around the grey and green walls of the castle she met them again. Thinking of the Danes she had been humming to herself

"The great mad waves were rolling graves and
each flung up its dead.
The seething flow was white below and black
the sky o'erhead."

While they gazed upon our lady with looks of love that death could not estrange they answered her nothing of her brave father Tiernan, for they and even the female slaves loved him sincerely. The long remembered beggar had been his guest, the fatherless, the friendless and the widow. Then she asked the old senechal, the amphion of Erin. His cloak wrapped a breast bestowed on heaven alone, and so kindly was he that the children plucked his gown. He took his harp and sung with choking emotion

"Savoureen deelish, St. Kiernan's pledge
Is lost—thy father's corpse lies 'neath yon hedge.
St. Ciar weeps, St. Carthach moans his woe;
Thy parent slain by treason's cruel blow."

Genevieve bowed her head and hid her face in rising grief beside his mound. There lay the warrior and the son of song while all the clans stood by. "E'n so," she cried, "they stained St. Barry's gospel." Her eye was fearful to behold;

she rose an amazon of old. "Nunc que me cumque rapit tempestas," she boldly cried and darted from them. Once more balancing her spear she disappeared. Meeting the Danes in their flight from Dublin, led on by a formidable giant, John Le Dane, who with one stroke of his sword cut the thighs of his victims as if they were made of cheese, whose head towered in the sky and whose arms were those of a colossus. She avenged her father, mindful of his death, brave as Boadicea, she slayed them as a hundred. Boar John Le Dane found strength in his limbs and fled back to Dublin to meet his fate, but not at the hands of a woman. Neither broad-sword, battle-axe nor arrow could harm her. Man expired on man, for she was as taetan in the gaeth (fire in the wind) while her foes fell heaps on heaps as stubble with many an orchsad and sob till the blood reached their girdles. They thought her no longer human, but as they ran called her the "Vengeance of God." Those who survived her spear rushed, loudly acclaiming, to the offing where lay in trim tackle their numerous horse skin neevogs and horn prowed boats at anchor, as their leader from the pupitum of his vessel directed their course north into the sea. With plunging oars they went over the slate colored waters till it seemed a field of foam. Crossing her knees and resting her spear thereon she purs-

ed her lips proudly and rested. The fame of her deed going through Terna, the hopes of the Gael were renewed. Genevieve stood exulting by the shore while (movit et infesto spumavit remige) the Danes departed from Erin's hundred fair greens. She gazed on her spear regretfully and sighed for the fearsat, for she had the heart of a woman. She wept for poor Caech Cwan. By the sun dial she saw that it was the fourth hour after meridian, and kneeling at a golden shrine of Our Virgin she prayed a sweet prayer for her father and her lover. Then having crossed herself thrice on her forehead, thrice on the lips and thrice over the heart she sped on with a cuhsh gastha. "Furor est ne moriare mori," she said, as she saw the coward faces and bloodless visages of the dead Danes. A tear sprang to her eyelids as she added: "The Danish reapers have now gone to the great reaper—Death!" Night brought her to a huge log-wood bonfire. Lads were gaily leaping over it; round about the grass was trodden flat. Bold men in garments of smooth silk with sharp, glistening blue dart, with shirts of satin and helmets set with stones of gold tired from hunting the mooze deer, gazed idly on, their beavers hiding their merriment. Wearied by the day she drew back into the shadow and sought out the cell of a dead anchorite near by—an anchorite who once had read his

book under the shade of a friendly tree, which being cut down, a brother had a seat made of its trunk, but ashamed to so use the relic he buried it in the earth from whence sprung up a branch which sent forth its flowers here. She reflected on the idlers—warriors careless of a nation's glory, seeking only pleasure and gain—murmuring her love to Mary in that beautiful hymn, "O quam sancta quam serena, quam benigna quam amoena." She slept a virgin slumber while the pale stars trembled at her loveliness. The early dawn had scarcely brightened the sky when she awoke and sprinkling herself with lustral water from a holy well of limpid crystal set out to follow the lead of her charmed spear. It brought her to the mouth of a cave where no rude winds presume to shake the sky, no rain descends, no arrowy vapors rise. Fearlessly she plunged in. When she had penetrated its gloom she was surprised at an effulgence which transformed all into a very fairy land. The tip of her spear shed a phosporescent gleam which dispelling gloom, revealed crystal wonders. Stalactities and stalagmites hung in dazzling whiteness over pools of smooth water, which reflected the beauty of her countenance. Her spear was a veritable Aladdin's lamp, and when she laughed in glee its echo answered music a thousand times, softer and sweeter each time, till it died in pensive stillness.

The hand of nature had chiselled its white roof into myriad fanciful mosaics—a sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice, the glacial walls possessed a melting tenderness. It was a full day before she again saw the sunlit green, nor had she felt a pang of hunger, fed by its satisfying splendors. So full of excitement was she that she peeped in the door-way of the first hut. There at his hearth sat a long, white haired, stooped old man, holding a fish on a prong, scorching it in the fire where the tongs stood by. He dragged his left foot, as if lame, and crossed it over his right knee. A little clay pipe puffed smoke from his puckered lips as he rubbed his chin with his unengaged hand. Behind him was a three-legged stool, a little fellow seated thereon with a dunce cap. A flute, crucifix and a bottle of whiskey were on the deal table between the candles; his frieze hung on a peg and a ladder leaned against the wall. Genevieve leaving a blessing behind laughingly passed out of sight. She had not gone far when she observed plague sheds everywhere. Oh! sad fog of illness to so beset a scene where the voices of love, hope and union whispered in the ear of reason! Still, she feared not, but bravely faced the breeze laden with nauseous odors. Like God's angel in Egypt, marking the houses of the chosen she dared to touch every plague shed she met with her spear, when lo!

there came forth sufferers healed and kneeling for her blessing. Some called her the soul of St. Bridget, and others took her for Our Lady's self, so she advanced while voices of gladness still sounded in her ear till at last she found herself near Downpatrick. But Cwan was still unfound, and the worm preyed on the fruits of the earth. Had she her modern Jerome to close her eyes, she would have died as Paula—without a groan. And what of poor Cwan? What were Heaven without Beatrice? She had heard of Heloise, and like her would have been a thousand times more fair, knowing no sin in her love with Cwan. So she mused while tears watered the beauty of her cheek. On she journeyed, meeting old crones in their rushen caps, keening and genuflecting when they saw her, or arms akimbo nodding their heads knowingly. Still she glided on as a swan mid the deep shadows of placid water. To suffer or to die, our strength is equal. 'Twas he who bore in Heaven the second name had not on earth to lay his head. On she journeyed; she heard the sea mew and loquacious crow and screaming vultures. She feared them not. On she went under spreading oaks, on by the furze and mantling vines, over mountains and by streams where frisking heifers laved; under beetling rocks and chalky cliffs and through enchanting ravines far more beautiful

than the famous darglen; on through ancient graveyards where crosses had fallen. On through wood, and over heath, passing huts with roofs thatched reeds where were displayed bunches of sea weed in honor of Our Lady, and mavourneen knew thereby that here dwelt Cornishmen. Here she saw the fisherman bait the barbed steel and draw the enticing fly. She was beset by wolfs and bears more fierce than dragons but her good spear saved her till at last she she reached the walls of a ruined abbey at Downpatrick. Dispirited and weary she lay her down to sleep on a tumulus like that of deasa, moss covered, on which hydraneicums grew. As her spear fell from her hand she was thrown aside trembling. The earth had opened beside her. A stone disparting revealed a grave or sepulchre, wherein, by her spear's bright point, she perceived three bodies—dead, but still with the light of life. Surely they were saints! for as she looked upon them she heard angel voices in the dark sky singing hymns of praise in an unknown tongue. Whispers fell on her ears like the dream of an echo; the winds grew, still the birds began to awake from their slumbers and join in the chorus. Was this a vision or a miracle? she wondered. A voice spake up in the gloom—"Thou hast seen the earthly remains of holy St. Patrick, St. Bridget and Columbkill, whose bones

have been stolen but now lie here with saintly companions. Fortunate maid, who by her spear's direction thus discovered what all the faithful in Terna have so long prayed to see, go! and acquaint the town's people, so that with due ceremony they may honor this trinity of Ireland's holiness. Leave here thy spear and take from Saint Patrick's bosom a shamrock which will be thy treasure-trove and talisman." Genevieve arose from her knees and laid her spear down beside the crozier of Saint Patrick. The virgin smile still hovered over Bridget's chaste immortal countenance, while Columbkill seemed prophesying in a dream. Then with an effort she hurried on till she came where the moon shone on several churches together. The abbey frowned with massive arches broad and round, that rose alternately row on row on ponderous columns short and low. On the deep walls the heathen Dane had poured his impious rage in vain, and needful was such strength, as they were exposed to the tempestuous seas, scourged by the winds eternal sway, open to rovers fierce as they, which for centuries could withstand wind, waves, and northern pirates hands. There the abbey stood with its brass gates and tessallated walls, large as a city, with spiral stairs, superbly arched doors and finely polished stone, dumb in the moonlight. Here we might see

those low, stunted pillars of the twelfth century, whose capitols were crowned with water lilies, water parsley, foliage with large leaves voluted with crochets and turned in the the form of a crozier. She knew not how to attract at this late hour and so began to sing a hymn—"Quamvis sciam quod mariam nemodigne praedicet—tamen vanus vel insanus est qui illam reticet." Soon a lattice opened and a monk looked out. 'Twas he who only slept these twenty years at the foot of the altar, harp in hand; he who never refused bread to the poor. Having told his brethren they all appeared, and the answer came: "Surrexit tus spes mea—praecedet vos in Gallilea." Then all these living lights waxing in splendour burst forth into song such as from memory glide and fall away, not thinking Genevieve a mortal, for without being aware of it a halo spread around and above her, while the shamrock blazed as a cluster of brilliants. They came forth and knelt about her wondering if she were an apparition from the hooded people (Druids). "Good fathers," she said, "I am only a humble maid of Erin, Genevieve McDonald, who this night looking for her lover (the monks groaned at the word) fell upon the hidden graves of mighty Saint Patrick, Saint Bridget and Saint Columbkill, and I am sent to so inform you." Then there was doubt in their minds, for she was a woman,

and in love. However, they feared to disobey her, and lighting their torches they followed her cautiously till they at last stood around the grave, and seeing no deception the abbot would have kissed her, and so all the novices, but that she was a woman and in love. Then there was great rejoicing, and it rained down silver and honey in the faces of the dead. The monks kept the vigil while word was sent throughout the land of this wonderful discovery. With the morning came the good bishop Malachy with his acolytes. They formed the procession beneath the sighing sycamores, three score seniors leading in the chant, pouring out their solemn strains in the stillness, while thirty snow-white steeds robed in samite, held hard by the bridle, were led on in majestic pace before the pall-bearer. The sunburst banner was thrown over the bier of Saint Patrick, while the Levites in their meadow lawn followed incensing. The bishop wept all the way tears of joy. Then came a wonderful concourse of people with bowed heads, praying and beating their breasts, till mid censer's breath and pealing hymn the cross-bearer stepped aside in the sanctuary of the cathedral. The hollow pavement rang with the heavy clang of steel girt men—a sounding thrill of dread, as their haughty air and eagle glances were crowned by drooping brows. Here, before Heaven's dead, mass was

begun, after which the good old silver-haired bishop arose with stately mien to speak, but faltered in the presence of those sacred remains—he being only a mortal, and knowing his unworthiness before these miracle workers, he therefore said no more, but going down the aisle kissed the earth three times before the three biers, and then while all hid their faces the three bodies were laid away beneath the altar. There was much rejoicing, games and music throughout the land wherever it was heard, and the cathedral was forever a frith stool. Then they began to seek about after Genevieve to do her honor, but she was no where to be found. Returning to the grave with the monks she found that her spear was gone. Putting her hand within her bodice she lost her dagger, but nothing disturbed her since she had the shamrock. She still went on seeking her lover, noticing that when she turned to the south her shamrock brightened with verdure and life, but when she faced the north it withered like a sensitive plant beneath the pressure of her hand. Therefore she reasoned, when the shamrock revives I am on the way to my Cwan, so her heart sang to her all day. When the bushes bent with dewy moisture and the pilgrim swallow winged on, and the stately sailing swan with arched neck and fleece of snowflake glided by she stooped to feed the

tortoise with crumbs from her own hand, and the green lizard eyed her as she drank the still water. The fishes fawned about her, the birds came to her picking at her bare arms as if their loveliness was fruit, and the beasts licked her fair feet. She sat by the clear wave and watched the hake and sole, turbet and gurnard at play beneath the surface. At her feet ran the thousand dimpled stream under the shade of an oak forest where the trout and gold fish glittered darting about as the robins sang to her. She thought of fairies with harps of amber shade who blew out the lady's lamp, whereby she lost her lover, but she only smiled, fearing naught, and she laughed merrily when she remembered how King Guaire lost his meal to the monk, the dishes flying away in the air and he stuck in the morass. She arose and passed by a hill of swallows. On she went through a town where they have fire without smoke, earth without bog, water without mud, and air without fog, and streets paved like ancient Pompeii, with marble. The women were dividing salt by the sound of the bell. Many a "God bless you!" fell on her ear as the people stood aside awed by her transcending beauty. The repute of her fame had risen as a flame of gold over Terna. Some threw at her Our Lady's mantle, virgin bower, Mary's fan and marigold. One would have thought it was Garland Sunday.

Some few held up to her ground ivy, fearing lest she were a fairy. Then she thought how every flower has its guardian angel. When she approached the shore the wind lulled and the surf lessened, while the storm followed her not, nor the conflagration; for she was blessed by fire and water. On she journeyed through many a mountain pass, 'neath jutting crags, by winding ways and by-paths, listening to the cry of the gannet till she reached the stagnant pool and marshy sward and spots of tillage, where the ivy grew on the green door of some garden wall or sun-flecked orchard. On through the holly hock walk, on by clumps of elder branches where she met the heavily laden corn wains or the musical mountebank, or some commercial traveller or the tramplin kine—some importunate beggar or roysters reeling home from a coshering. Threading her way through a farm with its stacks and ricks and flails, its scythes, rakes and forks, she followed the tracks of the mole and badger in the sandy ground as four lighted wax candles from the mantle shone through the lattice glazed with berryl, of a snug farm house with its roof of reeds. Some Danaan dealer of dyed stuffs and forest skins would lay down his pack on the roadside before her. Passing the quern stones, she drank the hind's milk from the pewter by the well. As the woodlark ceased

its song she peered in on domestic bliss, where they were sound asleep in little tent beds, and she saw the rushes and potatoes heaped in the corner. She feared not the night. The toads might hop before her embroidered sandals, and the assembled owls hoot from the cairn—the blazing brand in a stranger's hand—she feared them not: They might decoy the wild deer, but not Genevieve. It mattered not if the season changed, for she skimmed the ice and her snow shoes left not a print behind; the cruellest wind but painted the rose on her cheek; her glistening eye was brighter than the frost; the flaking fleece melted on her streaming hair; her young blood tingled like new wine quaffed, when she rested her limbs in some hurdle dwelling, and leaving sunshine behind her she passed on or slept in the virgin snow as if it were down, and the quilting ice but warmed her heart. Then at the touch of her shamrock it vanished in air and she arose at dawn to look for Cwan. Then it was spring, and on she went past the bloody gap where the holly and green thorn grew; on over the math, on by the pool, a pooks still unwearied and ractsome, with the grandeur of an eagle exulting in her pride of place. On by the mountains where she saw the black marble speckled with sheep. where she heard the bleating goat and lowing cattle. Where the sky burns as even she plucked

and eat St. Kevin's apple and tasted of the gooseberry bush, listening to the sipping bees as they sung their mystic runes, and saw the large ants rolling their grains of sand. Here the gorsoons dabbled in the shallow while the natural laughed at his phrygian cap, and for playing his jewsharp she gave him a handsel. So she went till night alone closed her silver streaming eyes. She was lonely. Then the next morning her heart beat high for hope deferred. On she hastened while the apprised squirrel sniffed the air from the fork of a tree above her. Then she found her chaste limbs knee deep in water mid sedge and mosses. The smell of new peat was in the air about, while the choking smoke from the charcoal burners' pit made her step aside. The farmer drew the hasp from the gate, creaking with hoar frost and passed behind the fresh thatched stack toward the barn where they were carding flax; and so she lost sight of him. The smithy stood at the ringing anvil waiting heat by the belching bellows, and under the smoking hood he quaffed a mug of porter. The laborers passed by with their tin pails swinging on their fork handle as she stepped gayly in fields of white clover and soft rippled grass, and was hid in the corn fields. Many a perilous descent she made on the mountain side, many a high bred horse she mounted in her haste, plucking

the wild rose. The wrestlers on the hurley, with wary foot and sinuous twisting wrist were rooted as oxen on the ground. She heeded them not; nor the fagot pile, nor the falling oak leaves. She was thinking of Cwan. She was nearing rowers in turf boats, where flew the wild duck. She then came upon a rugged bank broken by eddies, neath clouds black, craggy and vast; a swarm of water rats ran by her. Suddenly she witnessed a flood, the shrill voices of despair, confused with the gusts of the tempest, were borne down by the heedless thunder of waters in hoarse, devouring roar, toying with wrecked human hearts cast about as shells on the surf. She stood alone in the vally of death and her orisons were sad as she prayed for the dead, and she realized that by His might turned into light, so at his call to darkness—all. With kindness on her lips and comfort on her brow she thridded her way through the wet roads, in a soft rain, till she passed the chruchyard and the woody hill, and struck out into the pathless mountains following the nimble steps of the fallow deer and bounding roe. As the moon was reflected on the lancet shaped oriel of a crannied abbey; as the ploughboy plodded his weary way and the rocks in spotty multitude crossed far distant in the amber twilight. Her soul's passion found not even the heavy hand of clay, for Cwan was

only as a dream. At dawn she wet her cheek, stooping at the runnel's side, as the gladsome bill of the song-bird brought the worm to its young, and the love light grew in her eye, for she suddenly felt as if she must be near Cwan. And surely, this was Slieve na Mon, where she had been wooed by Cwan. She reached for her shamrock with trembling hand, but it was gone. The sweet basil and monk's hood in her bodice brought her no comfort, for now, indeed, that she had lost her talisman they were no better than bishop's weeds.

Chapter VII.

KING HENRY AND THE PAPAL LEGATE. CWAN AND THE DRUID. CWAN FOUND AND RESCUED BY GENEVIEVE.

KING HENRY was delighted with his conquest. The scenes in the isle were ever changing and beautiful. Here was a racy nationality and true-hearted women. Here he could hunt, course and fish to his heart's content. Here were hunting horns—the loud baying stag hounds, beagles and the red deer, brave warriors and beautiful women, and the chase, that exciting but sybaritic amusement. Here, too, were sycophants with their garrulous ease, oily courtiers, lewd singers, strollers and dancers. When he invited the natives to his banquet he found that those who on the field were demons could also prove themselves lords of hospitality. Many bright ladies, clever at shuttle cock and palm play, now in mantles of scarlet, green or russet, came hither to grace the scene with fair

folded cloaks bejewelled, and gay colored garments to spice the feast with true Salic wit. Many a doublet and coat of mail, savage garcon, good cross-bowman and archer joined the revelry as if all were brothers. "Ah," said the king, "I must see your famed Lagenan (gold mine). O'Brien, his loyal greyhound at his side, replied, (sentitive to ridicule) "You shall if you dare, and more power to you." The king answered this bold challenge, saying with a smile, "The tongue of the wise is in his heart. However, I doubt not but it is a myth." "Gracious king," said O'Brien, "I do not wonder that our history seems a fable to you, so many of our monarchs died by the sword. But good Bishop Togernach could well inform you that it is all as true as Scripture. "Quite an oration, indeed," commented the king. "Will you not tell me which you consider the golden age of your country?" "The eighth century, undoubtedly," he replied. "Our silks and gems, have they not fascinated your eyes? Sweet Innisfail was then honeycombs with cells of penance. With wattles for walls and lathes for roofs. Every rock, cave and sand bar had its saint. Their provision shed was common property, as also a church and museum; aye, and round bell tower in the centre. At its invitation they left their cells for the open to join in prayer and hymning. If a monk wearied of his

rule he was free to try another. Aye, in the days when conall brought over the law of Sunday from Rome then were our monks converting the Farrow Isles, Iceland, Scotia and Lindisfarne." "Tell me," interrupted the king, "of your great esteem for poetry." "Good St. Columba, Defender of the bards, forgive him," said O'Brien. "Why, our poets were required to learn their art for twelve years and then should be proficient in seven kinds of verse. Beyond that their eminent qualification was not as in Egypt. No, for here they sang the truth to the king before his death." "Think you," he asked dryly, "such a bard would escape the Tower in England? "Yes, king. We Irish boast a civilization beyond your ken. In the stone age when other nations were using the rude flint arrow of the savage we were acquainted with the use of precious metals—with the manufacture of finest tissues. Our extensive and particular chronology proves civilization. The Druids might preach, but the Ollahms kept records. Here was the very priesthood of learning. Our universities were thrown open gratuitously to the pilgrim student. No Greek philosophy contaminated our solid learning, and though our ancient and expressive tongue has suffered through our love of the Roman alphabet, the harpsong solemnizes the mass, and the bard is welcome at the home of

kings. We know not the curse of feudalism against which the poor revolt. Our attacots (rent paying poor) have at least five cows apiece. Here we know no class, no serfs other than self sold slaves. Though unfairly treated by Rome we do not understand heresy—we share no eastern mythology." "What of Crom Cruagh?" asked Henry. "That was merely an astronomical monument, nothing more nor less," answered O'Brien. "You would be much surprised had you seen our beautiful marble."

The dance had begun, and many a follower of Strongbow linked arms with some fair Irish lady as they courtesied and whirled in the reel. The king was delightfully amazed at, to him, a new dance. An Irish tighern and his lady love jigged to the merry tunes of the pibroch and bagpipe. The lady lifted her skirt showing a pretty ankle and buckled garter. Nimbly she stepped the hornpipe with an accuracy and hearty abandon which won applause. Dermod's daughter hung on Strongbow's arm, her heart full of shame, though she forced a smile. Strongbow having learned of his wife's death, and conceiving an affection for Eva, as also keeping an eye on Leinster, had since married her and obtained a blessing on their union publicly. "Ah, I see," said the king, "you can take anything by hook or crook as you did Port Lairge." Strongbow

laughed his acknowledgments as he invited the king to kiss Eva, which he did. Eva dissembled her wrath in deepest blushes and accepted the dubious compliment, asking if Queen Eleanor had taught him this fondness for her sex. Strongbow now approached Eleanor, the most unpopular of English queens. So much so that although she was a poetess and friend of singers and had brought the clang of horns and tinkle of citherns, her trouveres and troubadors to Merrie England, yet because she was fickle, haughty and revengeful and a continual debtor to the tradesmen she was hated. When she ordered the waterman to draw her barge to London the people opposed her at the bridge crying aloud: "Down with the witch!" It was this Eleanor, who could be so coldly sweet or so dangerously passionante that Strongbow dared to approach, Eva hanging on his arm. Having introduced Eva he began in playful raillery, "If you were thrall to sorrow and I were page to joy—" "I know where you culled the couplet," she remarked. "In the rosy vale where the nightingale sings its song of woe." Then noting Eva's beauty she changed her mood abruptly, and with marked resentment, added: "Let Erin remember the days of old ere her faithless sons betrayed her." Eva crimsoned to the roofs of her hair and Strongbow withdrew, half dragging the

wounded, drooping victim of fate clinging helpless at the side of her despoiler, who had desecrated with sacramental pomp the creature of his passion. Without, on the green beneath the flamboyant glare, the soldiery enjoyed themselves throwing dice and quoits, while others took a hand at shuffleboard. Many a rude jest was heard and hearty laugh. The stately papal legate Christian, passed by the merrymakers, and with much ceremony, impressing others with the dignity of his office. He now met the king and entered into an animated discussion. They passed out from the laughter. "Yes," said the legate to the king, "these are our terms." "Terms," replied Henry haughtily, "Terms to Henry II., and from Rome!" "Aye," responded the legate, no wise alarmed, "hast thou not foully murdered St. Thomas of Canterbury, a Becket, rich in his scarlet robe of blood? And though thou art the most puissant liege to-day in Christendom mighty king of England, monarch of Normandy and part of France, yet if thou wilt dare, I tell thee proud man that within forty days from to-morrow thou shalt be excommunicated and thy subjects absolved from their allegiance. Your missives to our holy pontiff have been miserable play at words, our messengers you have ill-treated—placed them in straits, fingers were thrust in their eyes till the blood did start; hot water was poured

down their throats, and when they confessed they were placed in irons. Where, I ask, are the revenues of Lincoln, Bath, Beresford, Ely, Bangor, and those of the abbeys? You dare complain of one hundred and twenty churches being too many for forty thousand folk in London, yet they are not even enough to convert your soul whose conscience is black as extinct coals. Seeking the things which are Ceasar's and usurping the things which are God's, at the peril of your soul, the cause of Christ is neglected and suffers at your court, so that Barrabas may escape. It is truly said, if you can be Lot in Sodom, Joseph in Pharaoh's court, Daniel in Babylon, you may not still be safe in Henry's court. Your many epistles to Ad Haebraes (a hint concerning his persecution of the Jews) have dissaffected a powerful ally, and for what? Lust of power, lust of the flesh. It is also said that you cannot gaze on any beautiful woman but that thy pulse beats faster and the leer of lust pours forth from thy eye inflamed. We well know thy love for fair Rosmond, and now I curse thee, that when thou shalt outlive thy glory and be deserted by thy children these bastards alone will be thy support." Henry, of middle stature, well proportioned and of lively countenance, suave, accomplished, his conversation entertaining and affable, his elocution easy and persuasive, as he pass-

ed along without the hall beside Vivian, swarthy, small, misshapen, with glittering jet eyes and demonstrative gestures, put one forcibly in mind of Faust and Mephisto. "Mark thou," Vivian continued, "Anselm sounded a note against slavery which may result in Alexander's entire abolition of it. Aye, perhaps he will revoke that forgery, Adrian's bull, so favoring thee." Henry now began saying softly, "There have been many kings of England, some of greater some of less authority than myself. There have also been many Archbishop's of Canterbury—holy and good men. Had Thomas only acted toward me with the submission the greatest of his predecessors had paid the least of mine, there had been no controversy between us. But he was inflexible—a traitor to his king, an ungrateful and imperious priest. His six years exile made him ungovernable. I longed to call him friend, but he willed as Lucifer—his was a policy of passion—mine one of needful justice. When he was slain I was so grieved that I shut the sun from my fasting soul three weary days. If I demolish the monasteries of traitors I do well—if I raze the castles of rebels and freebooters, if I required the presence of an officer at court at the composition made by sinners for spiritual offenses it was to restrain ecclesiastical aggrandizement. If I subjected monks to the rigor of the civil court

it was not till the clerk of Worcester, having debauched the virgin daughter of a burghess, slew the poor father. Aye, an hundred clerical murderers have gone scot free, save for degradation, till I interposed. And who will say Henry did wrong?" Vivian replied, "Oh, too virtuous king of two natural sons, and who framed the constitutions of Clarendon to rob mother church; who instigated the foul murder of holy Thomas whose diet was bread and water? Who? I mean you, you who suspended the payment of Peter's Pence and required a salve to thy kingly dignity." "Now, by God's teeth I will slay thee if thou sayst another word!" cried Henry, no longer dissembling. "Thomas could not give me an account of his stewardship, and a beggar pope has offended me with the gift of a kingdom. We are pope ridden. I am no vassal of his—tell him I am not Frederick of Barbarosa, but Henry of England!" "I dread thee not," answered Vivian. I am the legate of Peter and the Pope did not do Ireland this wrong! The indignation of a great monarch like Henry with his sword may kill the body, but the church can kill and send thy disobedient soul into infinite eternal perdition." At the echo of these words, once spoken to him by Thomas, Henry trembled in every limb. He quailed visibly before Vivian. "Aye," continued the legate, "you will yet curse

the day of your birth, your wife and chidren shall rise up against thee monster—mark my prophesy well! Here is a copy of your letter to his Holliness: Not being able to endure the insolence of Thomas some of the persons he excommunicated slew him. Since I fear more for my reputation than for my conscience I beg your serenity advise me.' King of England, diplomacy is wasted on you, you have lied to the Holy Ghost." "And what," asked Henry fiercely, "are thy terms?" as he roughly grasped the shoulder of the legate. "Ecc me qua," he relied. (An anathema). You may be fortunate to end your days in a monastery." The king shook with anger. "And what are these terms?" The legate explained: "You must make public reparation for your rash crime; make with bleeding feet and bared knees a pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas." Then the king swore an awful oath. "I had rather," he said, "enter the papal palace and slay with my own hand the insulting heart that dares dictate such terms—yes! Acknowledge that puppet of Frederick's (Victor IV.), anti-pope, as lawful head of the church? My answer is never! by St. George!" The legate gazed at him with eyes of pity, blended with scorn. "You would not have spoken those words unanswered by Donatus O'Lonargan of Cashel, but we will await your answer to the present in-

cumbent to-morrow. If you are still of the same mind may God have mercy on your soul." Henry at this threw aside his cap in fury, unclasped his belt, flung off his cloak, and as one sitting on a dunghill began to masticate the straw of his own mattress. At last recovering his composure to a degree, Henry added with a sneer, "Rome did not protect Thomas when he most needed it; as for me, the powerful never fear justice from Rome and all your idle bulls, rescripts, edicts and menaces. Always add (interim) the most expensive word in your ecclesiastical latin." The beautiful but crafty and spiteful Eleanor suddenly approached. "I am a soldier, too," she said. "Oh, king, my lord, my love, the cross of Christ excels the eagles of Ceasar, the sword of Peter, that of Constantine, and the apostolic chair that of the imperial throne." Vivian eyed her with mistrust, but for diplomatic reasons entered into a conversation with her. Eleanor was, of course, the consort of Henry and the divorced wife of Louis VII. "Do you not miss the Tower and the twittering sparrows of London?" he inquired, and then as abruptly he began to dilate upon the beauties of Gothic architecture. "The Norman's," he said, "have always turned to the Italian masters in this matter of art. Have you not seen the stucco on the ceiling of Holyrood palace?" "Yes," replied Eleanor, "do you see

yon painting? It came not from Rome but is the work of a monk who painted it in the monastery of St. Gall. Can it be surpassed by any Italian effort of to-day?" "Ah, sisi," he said, "but there is a wonderful morrow for Italian painting which the cold sons of the north will never understand." "If that were so, why was Dagobert (destined to rule Austrasia) sent hither to Irish universities to be educated? Why did he not go to Rome?" "It is true," he conceded, "we owe our debt of gratitude to Terna for those benefits. Your pottery is good enpassant. The sire, your king, has he not a temper?" "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," she replied, and then whispered her admiration of Vivian himself, his heart detesting what his ear allowed. He desired to retain her friendship and was on the alert not to offend her, so answered her solicitation. "Mais n'est rien plus dangereux quin imprudent ami." "I am so imprudent." She toyed with his cross till her breath touched his cheek, adding, "Ommia munda mundis." "But it would be a sin," he queried. "H'ony soit qui male pense," she said, deliberately taking his arm which he dare not refuse. "I have heard of your gay doings at Arundel Castle," he began gallantly. "If I may call you my dear, Eleanor you see I am no fair young Turk, but a withered old man. You see I know the fate of your pious pil-

grimage." "But," she said, "old men are so clever." "I would warn you that the king is suspicious of you; dangerous rumors fill the air of amours." "Are you afraid," she answered, "know you not that I may yet be Henry's widow and that my own bastards may yet rule Albion? Take that!" Vivian fearing her anger pressed her hand, saying, "I only meant to be your friend, Eleanor, and see how often goodness wounds itself." With that he left Eleanor. Again meeting Henry he acted as if nothing had happened. "You must help us enforce the Nicene decree on Easter observance." "I leave that to churchmen. Would you have me play the role of Constantine?" asked Henry. "Well," insisted Vivian, "remember Cashel to-morrow!" "To-morrow, perhaps," sneered Henry, "in the Greek calends. And, added sotto voice, "the papal crown fits the imperial as the ring does the finger." Vivian now sought out the wife of O'Brien to discuss the rhymes of the minnesingers, to argue on Brussels lace, tapestry, and on Irish lace; on Eastern porcelain, and also about Irish straw plaiting as compared with that of Leghorn. But she stuck to fishers, to flax scutchers, for she was not of the gradh fili—so the legate soon excused himself and passed on. The king had now cooled his temper, murmuring, "so sink the mighty in a song. Egad these legates be

self-assured. I must save my reputation as well as my soul, and the Pope should not treat me as if I were only a tighern or the leader of a kerne." It was with poor evidence of appreciation that he listened to the Rammshouge of the revellers. The feast was at last ended, for after all, as O'Brien reflected, English hospitality has its limit. "God be with Tara with its thrice fifty dormitories and thrice fifty halls, and its grand salle where the kings of the provinces sat facing the monarch of all Ireland as they banqueted on a raised dais. God be with her minstrels, her jewels, Irish display of silver plate and effigies in armor, her royal games, the language of the chase, the hurley and the battledore. This banquet would in those days have been given to the poor as the farmer to-day gives from his sack of meal. Curse on Dermod! But he is dead and may God judge him. What a miserable ending he died? Like his father, who, murdered by the Danes in Dublin, was buried with a dog in a dunghill (Haeret lateri lethalis arundo). By St. Echaidh of Lismore, he met his fate. This Henry thinks he is a very ghangi skan, and after all he is but a skinadre. He is to receive our submission at the rock of Cashel, bad luck to him! There he will see our holy bishop, a choir of seven hundred priests singing mass—the like is not in Albion. Wirre Strue there has been a

blight on the land for St. Moling's lie—now may all clap our hands." Tears fell from the warrior's eyes as thought of the inevitable humiliation the morrow must bring. He went out into the moonlight and gazed on a deep fosse bounded by high mounds of earth, its center covered by a half moon bastion, all leading to an esplanade, while afar off a low ridge shelved off a high cliff. "Relics of the chorus of ancient Terna and the rough hewn menhirs," he soliloquized, "henceforth ye will shelter the foe."

Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. What has become of poor Cwan, having left the cave of Molona (afterwards possessed by Raymond Le Gros) behind him. He journeyed on feebly, only now discovering the painful effects of his immurement. Lucky was it for Cwan that he had made good his escape, for Aenghus had it in his heart to maim if not to kill him. TheCastle of Lismore faded on the horizon, but that made little difference to Cwan, who had already lost his way. Once he thought he was on the old road from Ardmore to Cashel, but he was mistaken. Now he was in the Comeraugh mountains, nor could he tell how long he had journeyed for day and night were ever the same to him. At times he slept at even thinking it was night, and arose at midnight to hasten on, thinking it was daybreak; yet it was night, when the

river has stilled its silver flood but no longer its murmur. The highways are deserted—the cabins voiceless. No leaf trembles under the vault of the wood, the sea expiring on the strand scarcely rolls against it a plaintive wave. Feeding himself on a few berries from the brambles when the midday sun beat upon the rocks, he crawled on the narrow shelf of some beetling cliff—God alone saved him from toppling off a crag or sinking in the stream. Wearied with travel he would lie down and smell the wild flower, and he was happy. At times he felt the spray of tumbling water, and he sang a hymn such as he had sung to the organ in the chancel during the missa aurea, which if not as grand was more dear to him than that of Glendalough, a hymn of Gregorian chant, lately introduced into Ireland by St. Malachy to the lettering of Guido of Arezzo (a Benedictine musicus et monachus). Fear of falling into the hands of Aenghus made him cover his head with his mantle, and so he played the beggar. At last he found friends who could direct him at Lowville, whither he had strayed, to the castle of the O'Lonargan's. When they heard his story they were much wrought and directed him to Clonmel. Now he was surer of his footing for they had given him a dog to guide him. Every spot in the graveyard of Killshiellan, every tombstone, was familiar to him, and

there he prayed over his father and mother, who knew not his misfortune. There he prayed clinging to the holly rood. Word had spread from Lowville throughout Tipperary of the wrong Aenghus had done, and all the clans, that of William, Iffa Offa, or Ormond and Esmond hastened to the round castle, but left Cwan alone, as if he were the son of curses. He was still alone at night when angels beat their wings against the abbey windows and seemed at times in the stillness to beckon a summons to some sainted soul. Dreaming of Genevieve he would hear her sweet, persuasive Gaelig—a lissome maid gathering the blackberries in a dock leaf for him, or she weaved a bouquet, gazing on him with love darting eyes, till the wistful tears came and he kissed them away. Then her fair brow puckered with a frown—she led him o'er the withered carpet of odorous spines down by the sweet briar fence, where the incense of fir odors filled the hushed air. Suddenly her classic head, half thrown back in quizzical drollery, the steel blue of her deep set eyes filled with laughter, she darted away nimbly climbing among the furze bushes for a firm foothold, and there looking back at him through a gap in the trees she picked up trails of berried brambles from a sunken grassy hollow further up, sprays of lemon verbena, and scented heather blossoms, branches of red japon-

ica, and would have come back but the gypsies stole her. Then he would awake moaning, "Come cushla, I want you so much in my lonely life." Some kind neighbor, tappling him with a tough hickory stick would bid him eat a grain of salt with him. There was the wooden trencher, and the fair, transparent, sweet, fatty bacon, and the florid-faced neighbor (miller or corndealer) with a dead hare dangling at his side, raised in his left hand, and who brought him into his damp stained hovel urged him to eat with, "Bless my soul and bless your little heart to Heaven. Sorra bit. Now the saints forbid," till Cwan partook of the whipped cream and sherry and jelly, artichokes, mashed potatoes and oaten bread. "Here, man," drink this noggin," his host would say, and he would, but his love-lorn heart was as a crumpled rose leaf. With sorrow in his emotional face and voice, having finished his meal, his host would either lead him to the gate or curtained chamber to rest the night away, saying, "You will find her soon." But he would reply, "She whom I seek on earth in vain." There he would leave him with a china bowl of purple asters. In the morning his host would say, "Drink of my potheen, and bless your little heart to Heaven." This good man, who was Welsh, would say, "For it is good or the devil is not in Killballyowen"-- or "Botherashun I'm no amadhaun, that's only

half a drink—drink hearty, and by Saint Peter I'll tell you of my native land with its fens and thickets—have ye never heard of Thorney? 'Twas a land of love till the Danish raven hovered o'er it, and mark ye, the Danish raven be no dove. We be fishermen of eels, herrings and crabs, and an occasional porpoise—some of us miners of tin and coal. We all had our barley cake, wheaten bread and hard peas. We parched our wheat lest it sprout in the damp or spoil in the frost. We had our hand mill and gridle plate; so we husbanded, waiting for the spring fishing and early greens. Our stone paved yard was piled up with unthreshed barley—salted pork and hard cheese. We hung out a ponderous household lantern to light the travellers. Such were we under the Danish rule. The future had to provide for itself, so we had as much milk diet and fasts as the Irish if we would not see the young ones hungry. Come now, be in at the death—another noggin (this to Cwan) and I'll shorten my story. The pink and white blossoms were not yet in the orchard—the osiers were covered with frost and the ground with snow. The shepherd lighted his fire to keep his fold warm and to scare off the wild sow, the bear and the wolf. I was as poor as a wood pigeon when I found I had my choice to hand over twenty scores of wolves tongues or be whipped in the

stocks as a common criminal, and that by a bandy legged offal I'd compass at play with quarter staff. What was to be done? I breaks a hole in the ice and covers it with frozen snow till it was a wolf pit. I then stuck tall poles around, on which I put flesh bait. I smeared the snow with blood of a lamb, and then without light or company, before sun rise, when it freezes hardest, with javelin and iron-pointed stave I climbed a tree smart as any boy and waited. Soon their howls told me of the wolves' starvation. They fell into the trap; some knowing ones slunk away. I filled my bag and paid my fine, but eked no second such venture—so I came here with the outlaw. Being a peaceful man I settled down, more Irish than the Irish themselves. If you could only see my beautiful good woman—my Irish wife—you'd be aisy." Having finished his tale he bade him Goodspeed, so Cwan journeyed on.

Canon law was now more than ever rigidly enforced. Cwan who had been dedicated to God's service even before his birth, selected and ordained in his tender youth to be a link in the heirarchical chain which the O'Lonargan's had filled with much dignity, he was now deemed most unworthy since he dared to reciprocate the love of a woman, no matter how pure or good, for he was to be set apart and offered as a sac-

rifice by the people. Cwan's heart told him, however, that he was not bound by the heroic, and that no such contract could be made without a foreknowledge and deliberate intention of one so vowing. Theological knowledge and discipline should come before and not after such a sacred commission. So poor Cwan was left alone by the people, who regarded him with a certain fear and pity. In his perplexity he made no complaint, for his soul stood as a lofty tower worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd—all tenantless, save to the crannying wind. Exiled from his own, and much disturbed (for in Erin's turmoil the women were alone at home) he resolved to lead the life of a hermit, praying for Genevieve's rescue, and brighter days. So minded, he jogged on by the peat stripped mountains where the river rushed over huge rocks till he found himself on Mon a Bullach in Sluieve na Mon. The warning of his dog saved him from falling into the crater of an extinct volcano. He found a rude and ancient shelter from the storm where he could play his harp and think of Genevieve, and also of the ecna (philosophy) of human life from seed time to harvest. Amid this zone of dark hills with its thousand fountains he sought refuge from the cruel world. His dog was an animal of wonderful sagacity. Oft he would steal to the nest and throttle the

eaglets, when the eagle, having left its prey with them, flew away in quest of other carrion. This food the dog would bring to the feet of his master, barking for joy when he saw him eat. By the sound of the flint and the warm glow of the flame he started his fire in a piggin or borrane. His sense of hearing became marvellously acute, and the son of the rock and the winding shout from afar fell on his ears a joyful song. When the hound bayed mournfully or the raven's deep voice was nigh he drew back into his cell, for he knew too well the tones of death, and that of the screaming eagles, which at times flew at his dog. Then he beat about fearlessly with his staff, for he said, "they cannot pluck my eyes out—Aenghus hath done that for them." What pierced his heart deeply was his unsatisfied passion for knowledge.

Tired of angling with the feathers of the golden pheasant for the taerns in the lake of the grey phantom, the red trout and the salmon darted about unharmed, for then he would quote the verses of Homer and Virgil, or he would take his harp, his harp of an oak sounding board and arm of red alder, with knobs of silver, and would run his fingers nimbly over its thirty strings singing a sweet refrain on the woes of his country or of love for his avourneen deelish, fair Genevieve.

Purple no more the javelin, and cease oh storm
of woe,
But haste to see the tears from eyeless sockets
flow.
The pooka's in the bush, the water bull doth low,
For I know not if Genevieve has come, or no.

So he improvized till the melody of his voice the beauty af his song and the sweet sound from his strings would wing on the sweet scented air even as far as the reach of the stone thrower of Clonmel, from far fairy hills across the river. The sad, sweet song, the mystic music and the joyful voice came slow and soft to the ears in the vale—marvelling at the spot chosen by this recluse, where Fin McCool had chosen an Irish bride. The villagers left off reaping their rye and loitered in the harvest time listening. And the extern monks laboring on the farm, wondered if that sweet voice could be Cwan's singing in Heaven, for there was a note of music in it all familiar to their ears:

On white horse, white knight bearing birds upon
his shield,
Will vanquish every sword upon the battle-field.
The sickle leave behind, and battle-axe wield.
Oh, Genevieve, must we to Saxon robbers yield?

As if the words came from Heaven, the step and laugh that left care behind ceased, and the clansmen who heard with superstitious dread

now believed Cwan gifted with prescience. They dared reverently to approach him, but sought him to follow with them. But he only answered, "Nay," adding that here he would wait for Genevieve. And now they reverenced him all the more, as they thought his love must be a fairy or an angel, for they had heard of her wonderful adventures, of the escape from the round castle, how she stole Dermod's spear and vanquished the Danes, sending them scurrying away in their Viking ships. Then spake O'Kelly of Connaught: "Come, oh faithful Cwan, with me and be my harper. If thou wilt, thou shalt have a barony and gold, thou music loving bard." Cwan answered, "Thy people have been indeed kind to our junior sept. Gold I need not, nor arm to protect. It is God's will, leave me alone!" "But," said O'Kelly, "thou art a very Ovid and thy talent (donum dei) should not be wasted in these mountain wilds.. Come, I beseech thee!" No," he replied, "here I will meet death—outdoors, like Seward the Strong." Touched by this display of fortitude in this his hour of infirmity tears filled their eyes, and gently the warriors withdrew, leaving him as Moses on the Mount, or as he really was, the last bard of the free. Fondly patting his dog he murmured, "Mavourneen will come ,and if the worst comes to the worst, I still have my neck verse." Remembering this

they often watched from the valley, for they said it will be an apparition. If she come it will be to bring Cwan to paradise and to the arms of God. Then Cwan thought of the maid his earliest, fondest wishes knew; of those days when life was calm as a sister's kiss, and of the mother whose love clung around him first, whose ear first heard him complain, whose arm first pillowed his head, and he exclaimed of this mystery which conquers all "From heaven it came, to heaven returneth—they sin who tell us it can die. Tried in temptation strengthened, in distress, doubling our pleasures, and our cares dividing—in pleasure's dream, in sorrow's hour, forever, I remember thee a cushla. Ah, had I never met thee. And yet love will find a way through paths where wolves would fear to stray. Yes, Genevieve will come, for love is life's end; if not I had rather die with thee than live without thee, dark, dark, dark," he moaned, "among enemies and now alone—a walking grave!" So memory, like a drop that night and day falls cold and ceaseless, gradually wore his heart away. Still he hoped on, hoped ever, his harp breathed a holier language in his ear. "Ah, 'twas to be," he sighed, "as a child when I gazed on flowers I ever thought of my harp, and now it is my solitary joy in solitude—the muse of woe." So Cwan went through the winter and the spring

and fall, shower and sunshine, and was still grateful to God for the cross he had sent him, and he sang:

Oh, sweethearts sting your lovers and draw the log,
And hurlers chase the bounding ball through fog,
And lantern jack, lead on o'er hill and bog
For Genevieve will come in mountain clog—

Then he pined in silent sorrow till his cheeks grew thin, and he harped no more, nor angled nor prayed, but grieved in solitude for his song did not bring back mavourneen, and it seemed as if never more would climb May hill (grow stronger). Lost in lassitude lay all the man, his soul scarce walking in the arms of death—with-all he bore a manly air, majestic in distress. Tortuously ascending the hill with wearied step and slow came a strange individual, old as any senechal, but in different attire. On he labored, past the cascade, murmuring, "Where now are our mounted huts and our tree crushed tumuli?" pausing anon to hear a whisper; hearing none he passed even to where Cwan dwelled. The dog barked, and the strange form reached for his knife, but finding the beast friendly harmed him not, but waited calmly for the sound of a human voice. Clad as an arch Druid he wore a long robe of crimson, over which was a shorter

one like a surplice of white lawn from each side of which hung a long knife. A white cap partly hid his tresses. It was emblazoned with a representation of the sun under a half moon of silver. His cap was rimmed with gold, and a gold chain hung around his neck to which was appended a gold plate on which was inscribed "The gods require sacrifice." A gold star for a badge completes his description, save to remark that though he was old he was erect as an oak. He now saw Cwan, who having heard the sharp eager bark of his dog—that dog who had oft showered bright drops from his rough coat on his master's hand—now instinctively raised his head. The Druid smiled his satisfaction as he observed Cwan's blindness, and quietly seating himself on the form of a hugh petrified deer studied our heroe's outlines to see if he were only a common shephered taken to the harp, or one of noble birth. To this purpose he addressed Cwan: "Son of night art thou the bastard of some grey monk?" Cwan felt not the slight, for his family for centuries were strangers to such deviation. He therefore merely answered, "Cruel stranger, rue not thy folly? I have followed thy step till thou didst sit yonder looking at me with cruel eyes. Hast thou been born in the golden valley thou wouldst have known me better. Didst I resent thee, with my staff I

could from here kill thee at a blow. Thou ar armed, since I can hear the clash against the armor. Art thou some forgotten Dane?" "Nay," he answered scornfully, "no worshipper of Odin I—but I am one; the last of his race who worships the gods worthily, whereas, thou oh, Nazarean dost pay homage to the sons of the gods a stranger who will rob thee of thy own language." Cwan's heart went out in pity to the deluded pagan, and all the knowledge e'er revealed by cloister lamp came back to him; all the enthusiasm of a youthful controversalist. Willing to humor the old man's bent, he answered kindly, "Thou dost err, oh learned man, for the Son of God was God with God, and one of three in one Godhead." "Riddle, riddle," exclaimed the Druid testily: "Nay," said Cwan, "dixit dominus domino meo." "What care for I such jargon," cried the pagan, "another riddle." There is not one god but many. Thy Trinity is but the earth sea and air. The shamrock whereby thy Patrick ensnared our wise ones was a snare. Now would I answer thee harshly, thought Cwan, by the revenge of Columbkill, at Coma, but for thy age. "After a pause the Druid began: "Our neophytes for twenty years studied our traditions and mysteries. Were they not learned? Were not our Brehon laws wise and just? Superior to those of Solon? And why

did mortal dare change them?" "In many things just and wonderful," replied Cwan. The Druid arose and stamped the ground. "And durst thou dare build houses to coop up the gods as if they were measured like men? Couldst thou but see, for thou art blind in soul as well as body, see but yonder. There are the upright rocks which made the circuit of our ancient temple where my predecessors went out to kindle the holy fire. Naught roofed our temple of nature but the patined sky. Few of those rocks remain, oh! sacreligious Nazarene. The nain is silent to my thrillions, the rod of draithe finds not thy luring waters. Terna was then a land rich in corn and honey, but the storm of war now involves you, and the invader has trod on our holy places, destroyed our graves and razed our stones." Cwan replied, "Our mother church has decreed 'thou shalt not worship sun, moon, mountain, river, lake nor tree.'" Druid have we not our lawful marriage and dowry? Did not St. Patrick hold slavery as a curse and a wrong?" So they argued, Cwan persuading, the Druid threatening. At last the Druid said, "Give me thy staff to lean on and I will tell thee my vision." Cwan humored him, adding, "Keep it not long, for with my dog it is my friend." The Druid began: "I saw Abraham bring Isaac up into a mountain and with drawn sword about

to sacrifice his only son, when a lamb appeared. What did my vision prefigure?" Cwan answered, The death of the Son of God on the Cross. Our Savior who vouchsafed to Brain Boru to die on his own Good Friday." "Nay, "Nay," interposed the Druid in a tone of voice that made Cwan start. "Take from thine eye the beam! Ha, the vision told me of thee, and I have found thee. Once a year on the rock near where we Rest, we find our sacrificial Stone (the gods require sacrifice). Be thankful thou art the chosen one, criminal?—for none other do we sacrifice. I have read thy fate in the stars last night. Mercury would have it so, and thou shalt return to darkness, the primeval state of nature, thence to reanimate some worthier self, yea life for life. The days of Dreaux are to be lived over again, and the bonfires will be relit on midsummer's eve. I am come thither from Lia Fail, where I heard the oracle on my dream. The soul of Lochra is in me, the Parsee and Magi of the west are re-established; for what is death to me but a line in space—a point between the future and the past. Did not Lochra foretell a Tailcern will come over the raging sea with his perforated garment, his crooked headed staff; with his table at the east end of the house, and all the people shall answer amen, amen? "Was not this the will of God," asked Cwan, glad to

divert from him his murderous intent, defenceless as he was. "By partholan, never!" exclaimed the Druid, for our god's head is in the air and his home is in the mountains, where the eagles scream and the winds moan. Our god who sanctifies with lightning. Woe has come to the priests of Dodona, the oak priests and to his warriors clad in wild skins; to the prophet's and the bards. Read you the black book of Wales, and know not the traditions of our truth?" "I have not read it," answered Cwan. "Listen then, continued the Druid, "and be instructed. On the sixth night of every moon Lochra entered the sacred grove, and we all followed clad in white. He sought out the mistletoe growing on the oak, eloquent of strange voices, and while we held a white mantle beneath lest the holy fruit might rest upon the earth he cut the plant from the tree with golden sickle, and as it fell two white heifers were slain: Then did he divide the plant all healing among the chosen, and while our vestals danced around the idol our women drank the mistletoe water to heal barrenness." "Mimics," exclaimed the Druids, of our sacred rites. Listen! Often we sought the marsh wort, the vervain and the hedge hysop—mysteries of nature, but the Patrick by banishing the serpents from our soil has forever robbed us of the snake egg, lighter than foam, which gave us blessings

an hundred fold. They are all gone save me, their avenger, who now will weave the branches into an image, wherein we placed the fated one to be consumed in holocaust. And where are our Greek Testaments? Destroyed by Partholan. You will rue it, as husband had power of life and death over wife and child even so I have such with thee. Dance, oh! polluted vestals of Mercury, and ye humble virgins and the untouched by spouse within the year, dance in naked blackness! Let fly your flowing wealth of hair and join hands in frenzied rejoicing and abandoned joy, for even now I slay the Christ bearer."

"Cwan thoroughly realized his danger and waited the hand of God patiently. "See yonder dolmen? On that I will sacrifice thee," So saying, Cwan heard his approaching step. Had Cwan seen his form, rising like a serpent ready to sting, had he seen the cruel glitter in those fanatic eyes, he would have reason for alarm. There was one who saw and almost fainted at the sight. "Take thou my dog for the lamb, go kill thyself," said Cwan, as he felt his hot breath on his face. "Come! we waste words," was all he said; "the gods require sacrifice. So saying, he dragged Cwan to the stone lost in the ecstacy of the sublime moment. Cwan murmured, "God and Genevive." The Druid raised his sharp knife in the air, having bared Cwan's

bosom. He possessed the hysteric strength of a legion of demons. As his arm descended it fell short, and the Druid lay across the stone wounded to death by a dagger thrust between his shoulders. Cwan thinking that his hour had come was silent. He wondered, when a woman fell upon him covering him with kisses. "Cwan, Cwan," she cried. Then Cwan gave a great cry of joy, exclaiming "Genevieve mavourneen," and swooned. She strained him passionately till he revived and then they remained silent awhile, so great was their happiness, imparadised in each other's interlacing arms. Then she fainted, and he kissed her cold forehead. It was none other than Genevieve who, having lost her shamrock, overheard their conversation, and hiding behind the hedge prayed pitifully to St. Patrick:

May the strength of God pilot me;
May the power of God preserve me;
May the wisdom of God instruct me;
May the eye of God view me;
May the ear of God hear me;
May the hand of God protect me;
May the way of God direct me;
May the shield of God defend me.

Instinctively she placed her hand within her bodice for her dagger, and strange to say, after its long absence, she found it. Biding her time she crept up behind the pagan, stabbed him and

saved her lover. So was once again love's message on the feathered dart. So journeys end in lovers meeting, while 'tis the long lament of love that its course is over one thousand obstacles. Who will understand the bliss of such a meeting? None save those who have experienced the celestial delights. She had to tell him all her wonderful deeds, adventures and escapes. Cwan listened as if her voice were the poul a pooka sounding in the forest, awestruck and attentive. When she had finished Cwan faltered. "Wirra strue mavourneen, for what purpose have we both endured pain and hunger and exile; thou from thy castle, and I from mine, for I am blind! Here I had often mourned thee as dead, hoping you would silence the fret on my harp and lift me in your arms to the light of love. Nay, Genevieve, they would curse our union, though I fear that not if I were not blind. Oh! the torture not to see thy smile and yet hear thy voice drives me to madness. Nay, I would go mad, so imprisoned. I will remain here and pray for thee till death brings hope and thee to poor Cwan." Now this distressed Genevieve for she had the heart of a woman that would not be separated from her lover, and she grew angry and said, "Cwan, hast thou turned grey monk since I left thee?" "Nay," he answered, "but I love thee too well. Oh! that I were not blind, and I would

lead my bride from the altar to the dance." Do not despair my Cwan, for come, I will lead thee to the anchorite who drove us from his cell. Time may have seasoned his wit. 'Twas near Tubber Grieve. Stay not here by yon fallen Druid, for didst thou live here forever, here I would stay. Wouldst thou wander minstrelling through the land I will be with thee still—thy guide, thy slave, all that a virgin soul may be to thee, that I will be. Prevent it not for I love thee; love thee so that I would share thy peril, and give my life for my love—come." So importuned he could no longer resist, but calling his dog and asking for his staff he followed where she led. It was late at night when they again aroused the monk. Genevieve waited outside to learn the result of their interview. When Cwan entered the cell the old feeble man observed his blindness, and with true sympathy embraced him tenderly. "Aenghus hath done this." "Aye, father," responded Cwan. "Ha," exclaimed the anchorite, "thou art to me as the pupil of my eye. Woe to the soul of Aenghus. And yet thou, Cwan, hast been punished for thy unholy affection," "Nay, nay, not so," answered Cwan. "Thy kinsman is dead, and in his stead reigns Hullican," said the old man." "Go to him, obtain his pardon and then come hither with the harp of David and sing praise to the Lord so you may

share my cell and its penance." Then Cwan told him the purpose of his coming. The anchorite waxed wroth: "Now, by St. Declan, thou art pertinax and a disciple of Abelard. Would thy anointed hand clasp in fond embrace a thing of earth? Unholy passion—seven hundred curses on thee, and the storm of war and the curse of fire and water by bell, book and candle, mayest thou remain self-excommunicated, ipso facto) unmindful of thy ancestry. I will not bide thy presence longer. Out! Out!" So saying he took Cwan by the shoulder and thrust him out of his cell, beating him. A storm had come up and the lightning darted blindly about them. The grey monk seemed some apparition as he disappeared. Genevieve was weeping, for she saw his unkindness, and she cried aloud: "No wonder God hath never made thee a father, unnatural zealot," and winding her arm in that of Cwan's she added, "God is with us, and who is against us?" though her heart was humbled like violets after rain. As they stumbled about in the dark a hand was laid on their shoulders; they were startled. Cwan inquired, "Who art thou?" A woman's voice made answer: "I am she who brought grief to Terna. I have been directed hither by thy good spirit, Genevieve. For thee I have left my cell in Kildare. I am Dearborghil, doomed to penance for endless ages. I am bid to tell thee not

to despair, for at your feet, unseen, sparkle the waters of Tubber Grieve. Farewell! Pray for me, more sinned against than sinning, for I now return to my cell. Having departed she pondered over her words to no avail, while Genevieve remembered how the rainbow views but cannot brave the storm. Completely drenched, they heeded not the soft rain in that ancient wood. She now stumbled on a stone, and by the lightning's glare perceived that she and Cwan were standing by the famous well. Cwan had murmured, "My blessing and my pride avrone." Another step and they would have both fallen in. An inspiration seized her; keeping one hand to Cwan's face, where he placed his hand over it, she placed her other on the stone and bade him come close. She bent far over till her lips touched the water, and in her soul she said a prayer: "Oh, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Columbkill, who have honored thy handmaid now hear her prayer—the cry of a loving heart—and in the name of the Holy Trinity vouchsafe some mark of thy approbation, for surely Cwan's love for me and mine for him is not unholy." Trembling with fear she raised her moist lips from the well, and with the water clinging to them kissed poor Cwan's sightless eyesockets. Cwan felt the thrill of her affection in his soul—a feeling of emancipation, a sudden pain, and then a

sense of relief. He raised his head to heaven, and Oh! though it was midnight it became bright as day and so remained till dawn. The storm had left but the grey clouds of parting spring, their silver edges drenched in sunlight. When he brought his face down from gazing at the beautiful heavens he was looking full at Genevieve with his two blue eyes. They wondered and then her lips parted like a rosebud gathered but two mornings. He cried out, "Light of my eyes, joy of my heart, life of my life!" God and St. Patrick had given him back his sight, and Genevieve looked more lovely than ever. Natures dew-drops seemed as opals, as embracing they fell on their knees to thank God for his miracle. The people rose from their straw as they could sleep no longer, and as Cwan and Genevieve met them, the news spread like wildfire throughout the universe and there was great rejoicing mingled with expectation.

Chapter VIII.

HENRY RECEIVES SUBMISSION OF CHIEFS AND PROMISES TO DO PENANCE AT TOMB OF ST. THOMAS. CWAN UNITED TO GENEVIEVE.

WE are again at the grand cathedral on the rock of Cashel. The great organ pealed through the edifice accompanied by the sweet melody of flutes and horns and a hundred harps, while a choir of seven hundred clerics with close shaven crown raised the song of praise and homage to their glorious Redeemer. There they were, like the thousand gods seated on thrones of gold. The archbishop sat on his throne. The papal delegate, St. Laurence O'Toole, and a hundred surpliced acolytes were within the sanctuary, while outside the rail in reserved prominence knelt Henry II. and his armed retinue, their arms hanging with golden bracelets and tatooed with crests and mottoes. The long, white robe of the Saxon was conspic-

uous by its fewness. There also were the Knights of Templar with conscious dignity. The edifice was crowded with worshippers. As one looked from the vestments of the cloth of gold, to the dignitaries and from them to the armed Knights of Albion with their banners beside the sunburst, and then observed the green satin skirts, crowns of gold, of Ireland's kings assembled, the dream of magnificence was thrilling. There was an air of loftiness and grand sublimity clinging to the walls and fretted arches of this venerable pile, where, with its torches, sanctuary lamp, statues of wax and stone equestrian and others, memories of the past canopied this earthly splendour. For here had the king of Munster in days of old felt the crozier of St. Patrick as he blessed him ten fold. The chalice of gold is raised at the elevation, the trumpets blare, swords are drawn, and that vast assembly bows in humblest reverence before the God of hosts. Inspiring scene, where dignity half concealed humiliating dependence. Henry had convoked his synod for a purpose, therefore, was the patriotic Laurence present to watch his every move and suggestion. As suzerain Henry received the oath of fealty from the Irish kings, and as one after the other they approached the monarch their souls were crushed. A tremor ran through the quivering Celtic multitude, while even the sons of Albion

could not remain unmoved at the disinheritance of Erin's glory now that the emerald gem was to be set in the crown of a stranger and given to niddering Normans. The archbishop was visibly affected; a gleam of satisfaction shone from the dark eyes of the legate, who, among all these fair faced men seemed to posses a dark and sinister look. Now the ordeal is ended. The bishop endeavors to intone the Te Deum, but the words die in his throat, for instead, the Dies Irae should have been sung. The seven hundred clerics refrained from the chorus. They could not glory in Terna's downfall, even though a rubric were violated. The bruised feeling of the Celts were evidence in their hurry out of the sacred building. It was now announced that Henry had left a considerable sum as soul scat to the cathedral and to hy brazil (isle of the blessed). The announcement was coldly received. On Henry's appearance at the portals of the cathedral the enthusiasm of the soldiery, sycophants, courtiers and freebooters could no longer be restrained. Strongbow's call for cheers for Henry and St. George, in the name of Almighty God, and holy rood, was answered. A wild universal shout leaped like ten thousand giants to the gates of heaven, while many a curse on the Sassenach was muttered by the unhappy witnesses of their despoilation, for they remembered

how the idols fell to earth at Cashel before St. Patrick, and now they knew that some of the clergy were secretly favorable to Henry. The wondrous manifestations of the previous night were on everyone's lips, for they had seen the trooping birds soar in the sunlight and bathe in the dew. Some of them regarded it as a premonition of the end of the world, and looked on Henry as anti-christ; others considered it a good omen for the new regime under the world ravagers; but others still insisted that it was a direct manifestation in favor of Cwan, who had been a man of God. They had no test of fire and water as to matters of faith, like their continental neighbors, yet did they regard with dread any change or novel appearance in the heavens, for the astrologers of Terna were well versed in prognostication of comets and the aurora borealis, since by the signs in the heavens had the Druids regulated their sacrifices. Henry was not therefore a little astonished, when among the cheers of his soldiers he noticed the mighty multitude fall back from the rock, opening a wide space before him. Two human figures, rising as it were, out of the earth, seemed the center of all this admiration. Henry was a little chagrined, and asked impetuously who they might be. An aged senechal, at the word stood and sang a story of Cwan and Genevieve to the king. When he had finished

a hush fell on the multitude, for they now wondered what new miracle was to happen. The king could hardly believe his senses—his haughty barons wondered if they were sibbe. Turning to the legate Henry said, "Surely the hand of God is in this." The legate exclaimed, "Anglicus hic fulsit ut angelus unus et ancilla ejus angelica." St. Laurence and the legate seemed to hold an animated discussion with the archbishop. A few words might be overheard. "Do you not remember the case of a Roman deacon refusing priesthood unless he first married? Did they not concede the point? Do not the laws of France and Castile insure the inheritance of priests sons, again could Dunstan remove the married canon? Can Cwan be forced to ordination without his consent?" At last the archbishop spake, and the multitude knelt to hear his words. "By the grace of God, I, Xtian of Cashel, aware of the wonders happening to this devoted couple, also of Cwan's youth when he was elevated to the tonsure, and not forgetful of the recent canonical legislation prohibiting the marriage of clerics, I do hereby make exception through dispensation granted by the papal legate who, not desirious of the degradation of so worthy and God favored son of the church, and still desirous of saving souls, does mercifully in this case retroact; and while still permitting

him to exercise the sacredotal function of lector also grant him the human love of one so worthy. May she be fruitful to him of all earthly joy and lead his love unto his Maker. Come hither son and daughter." Cwan and Genevieve (with a cluster of brilliants in her hair) came forward, unabashed in this vast presence in all the transfigured dignity and grace of mutual lovliness and undying affection. Having replied affirmatively to the questions asked of them, they were then and there under God's bright sky, and on the rock of Cashel where kings had been crowned and bishops consecrated, now indissolubly united in the sacrament of matrimony. Nor was there one dissenting voice in the universal felicitations. The ceremony ended, Cwan kissed his bride proudly. "Now, by St. George," exclaimed Henry, "I have never seen a lovlier couple among my peers; such a handsome fellow and such a lovely peerless beauty. They divide the honors of the day. "Cwan," he said aloud, "if thou wilt swear allegiance to me I'll give thee a bishopric in Albion." Cwan drew himself up and proudly gazing at the king fearlessly answered "I had rather be exiled from my darling forever, face the anger of my ancient sept and have those eyes put out again before I betrayed Terna." No one durst pike him in all that palisade of spears for the king stood by him and patting him on the

shoulder said laughingly, "Thou wert never made for a priest—thou hast a warrior's heart. God be with thee and thy matchless beauty thou too art a king for rex est qui metuit nihil." Cwan and Genevieve now withdrew, hand in hand till they reached the foot of the hill, where Cwan's kinsfolk placed Genevieve ('mid the breaking of boughs) on a snow white palfrey and conducted her on her way while her head dropped in maidenly modesty.

Her swelling loins a radiant zone embraced.
With flowers of gold, an under robe unbound
In snowy waves flowed glittering to the ground,
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died.

At last they reached Cwan's castle at Lowville, where no daltin's (footman's) hand received her —Cwan himself assisted her to dismount. Then amid the feasting Cwan took his harp while she sang the torrent of her soul.

Dark are the days in Terna, but the light
Will sing again to breezes fair and bright;
And thrill the earth to music and to mirth
For woes forgot in freedom's happy birth.
Far, far across the blue and boundless sea
The cross uplifted bids us yet be free;
For time will rust the chain, and Erin's maid
Exult when Albion's dead glories fade.

May Patrick bless again the sacred land
And smite to death the cold invader's hand.
As now Cwan awaits my willing arm,
So do thou lift us from the days of harm.

Cwan now took the harp as he kissed Genevieve and sang that famous ballad "Ye dark haired youths and elders hoary." He then improvized on the woes, the hopes, the victories of Terna. The prince of Breffni, whose rule now extended from sea to sea, rose to congratulate the happy pair. The kinsfolk of Genevieve pledged Cwan's friendship in a gold drinking horn, bestowed on him a beautiful harp, three jewels and a white rod, while they plaved the Druid's golden chain around the neck of his bride adding, that as Genevieve had dealt so long with the fairies that she might see to it that their cows' milk was not charmed away. The bishop of Killaloe sang a jolly ditty, for the clergy came to honor the bride, among whom was the saintly bishop of the dark straem (Dublin), who, lost in reverie over the days of misfortune amid an outward show of pleasure murmured, 'Oh. Erin, who now will succor thee?' They were all liberally rewarded by Genevieve, who asked them to remember her and Cwan in the holy sacrifice. One of the good monks congratulating Cwan said, "Laetius est, quoties magno sibi constat honestum," and truly, for Cwan had endured much for his love. Then

up spake Donald McDonald, stronger than any gallowglass, taller than a Roman spear, as he removed his barrad, pledged his faith to Cwan and bride, and called upon the men of Tipperary and clan William to hear him. "Men of Iffa and Offa, think you that to-day ends it all and that we are slaves to Norman? To steep the bread of slavery in the tears of woe I had rather be slave to Bel. As long as God leaves breath in this body I will be foe to the invader. They will yet pay the eric with their best blood and their smouldering bodies swing in chains. I am sworn enemy to the invader who chopped mothers breasts and lashed maidens to swooning. But I have yet hopes of Limerick. Here I toast Genevieve: May there soon be added three nurses and six horsemen to your retinue—and there is no fitter time to speak my mind than here at this union. Their forces will gradually commingle with us. Will you not, oh holy Laurence help us? and we soon will muster more than thirty thousand armed men who, with the aid of the converted danes of Dublin may expell the invader." The saint's face beamed assent. Donald continued: "Already they have begun mortemain and the spoliation of our sanctuaries. Donald O'Brien has promised me that he will not stand by his forced pledge to Henry—that he will be among the first to strike a blow for dear old

Erin. Troth, they say Merrie England and Bonnie Scotland, but all we can say is poor old Ireland. The O'Kavanaghs and O' Carrolls will help, many of those who remain after Henry's departure; will loose their identity in our strong national characteristics. Let us from this day draw to the north and west of Terna; let the secret word fly from lip to lip, and God grant before the dawn of the new century that we shall have retrieved our looses and restored the prestige of Erin. Those who are with me let them raise their swords and swear by St. Patrick, St. Bridget and Columbkill. The long haired clansmen, mid awful silence threw back their embroidered cottas, lifted their sword and swore a Fenion oath (may Adrian's bull be forgotten)." In passing let me say that Donald kept his word, for in '96 he drove the Anglo-Normans out of Limerick, and again in 1203. But, alas, that mighty arm was soon laid beneath the cold slab. Grief filled the land while the futile storm of war was unabated, the noble saint treated with contumely. After this interruption the feast continued mid the clinking of bumpers, the song and the reel. They cut the Bride's cake while the forrest cutter made love to the dairy maid in the corner. Then Cwan and his beloved withdrew from their well wishers to the bridal bower. Para gastha and Shaun Rue were all that were

left of the merry fellows who met Genevieve on her return to her father's castle. They had heard of her wedding, and now dressed in their finest put their best foot forward and came to offer their congratulations. Shaun was singing:

"My only books were ladies looks and folly was all they taught me."

"Maybe it's the cut of a whip or a good round oath my master'd give me," said Parra. "But he was a gintleman and the plaster he gave me was worth the cutting. Arrah, a hager, he caught me one lady's day as full as a goat. I'll be split and kilt intoirely says I to myself. Says he, you unnatural baste—you bog trotter—you ould gander—take that and that, laying it on. Tome, thounder and turf, cries I under it—millia murther wirra strue, but God prosper you sir, the top of the morning to you says I to him, though I was after leaving the cows home for the night. It softened him, avick. Says he, you ould jackass—So plaze the pigs, I am, says I. Wid that he began to laugh immoderately and trowing me a handful of gold for my concait rode on." "You need never fear being thrown on a dissolute shore after that," said Shaun Rue, "oh, my, you're a bucko. Tell me isit true that Lady Genevieve was with the fairies?"

Para looked: "Wist! Arrah is it with the fairies? Shure she's been in the seventh heaven

with St. Paul. She'll free ould Ireland yet." By this they were nearing the castle. They were both rough, bronzed fellows with horny hands, but truth, simple truth was written on faces unmarked by the lines of a reckless life. They had travelled much of life together through mountains, morass, brush and woodland, wise, good men, content to be poor. As they jogged along their feet crushed the red hemlock spines fethering the acorns and burrs that sprinkled the gravel and the nodding popies, while the note of the nightingale enriched their hearing with its plaintive sweetness. An Irish settler followed close at their heels. "Now Shaun," said Parra, "by the learning of St. Patrick, who started fairs?" "Aye, that I will tell," said Shaun. "You see like man and wife, one out of two—out of the king's market and pilgrims coming to St. Bartholomew's shrine near by in the days of Henry I. They soon began to call it St. Bartholomew's fair. 'Twas the king's jester who built the priory near Smithfield, and my, oh my, such wonders! They cured a woman who never before could keep her tongue in her mouth, and the saint regulated the wind for the shipping. That's where you'd see juggling and mystery plays; the devil himself on the stage, the merry Andrews, tumblers and the cushlas dancing and sparking. There was the story teller, the stocks and the whipping

post for him who didn't sell fair." "Now," said Para, "do you lie to me, for how could they sell fair when they do not have the same measure throughout the land? Do you think I'm drivelling?" "I admit that," said Shaun, "but the stocks be for fighters, too. There's where you'd buy ginger-bread and jimcracks. But they'll never has as many soreheads at their fairs as we have at ours. They can't put the stone, chase the greased pig or lift the tree trunk with our boys. Hulaloo for the shamrock and the shillelah." "Shut up man," said Para, "or I'll think your mad at full moon." They were now crossing a wooden bridge, the beams and joints of which were cogered with hurdles—a good substratum for layers of earth and gravel which rendered the passage wide and safe. "Now by my rabbit's foot," said Para, "but Friday is an unlucky day. The swallows hardly ever fly high on it, and I'm sure to spill salt, meet a cross-eyed woman, though I will say the sun never saw a finer country, by the bed of St. Kevin, and that's gloomy enough. There's too much rain, shure it's ducks we would have been, and web-footed." "Sorra bit," said Shaun, "and the robins coming every morning to your window. You're like the ould bear—always looking for wild honey, and you deserve the judgments of God." "What may they be?" asked Para. "Well," explained

Shaun, "first red hot irons, second, boiling water; third, cold water; fourth, single combat." "Faith, then, I prefer single combat," said Para. "Ahager, the saints forbid," cried Shaun, even as they protested to the king in this very matter. 'Tis a nice way for forresters and itinerant justices to administer justice, as if we were witches, and that miracles were as plentiful as pop corn. I'd as soon believe in the virtue of the king's touch to cure the king's evil. Sure can't I make the sign of the cross as well as the king. Say do you see that wall of turf? I'm tould they have one from the Frith of Froth to the Clyde, in England, whoever built it I don't know. The abbot said 'twas Antoninus Pius, whoever he might be." "Say Shaun, you seem to know so much," said Para, "would ye tell me who invented Peter's Pence?" "That I will," he answered, "out of my little book. 'Twas King Offa of Mercia, bad luck to him, and the Pope a nagur." "That's a lie," said Para, "for wasn't the last an English beggar?" "What queer writing is on that tombstone! You know latinity, what is it?" Shaun stooped over and read: "Exemplo petrum commatus amore legendi. Ivit ad hibernos sophia mirabile clarus." "Sure that's aisy, it's all about St. Cataldus who, loving learning, came here to get his fill of it. That's a liberal translation for ye." "Literal?" asked Para. "No," answered

Shaun, "not literal, but liberal; a free transduction. Now here's a word—'culdee'—that's a corruption of cultores dei—teachers of the true religion." "Oh, but you're smart," ejaculated Para, you should have taken the cowl, but faith your ballads would be in very bad taste in a monastery." "Now," said Shaun, "here's a purty name—St. Coemegen—that means pulchrum genitum—(the fair begotten)." "Tell," said Para, "are we and the Sassenach the same human family?" Shaun scratched his head: "Well, from Adam we all came, but we're no otherwise related thank God. They're Picts, but the Scots were Irishmen I'm sure, for Edward Bruce ruled in Ireland when Robert Bruce was fighting like Fin McCool in Scotland. And wasn't it brave Fergus who drove the Picts back, and isn't Fergus Irish?" "Faith, you're knowlegable," was Parra's sententious remark. "And what kind of a man is Henry, at all, at all?" "Well," said Shaun, "good and bad. He's capricious and has a bad temper. I'll illustrate: He was fighting like ould Harry with his own counsin, the bishop of Worcester, about revenues, calling him a bastard, and what not. At that the bishop sailed into him. Well, Henry was as mad as the devil to be made little of before the whole court. One of the sly courtiers thought he could put a nail on the bishop's coffin. Well, whatever he said, the

king got so D—— mad that he shook hands with the bishop and said to the courtier, 'A little more and I'd scratch your eyes out. Isn't the bishop my own cousin? Mind you that there's a moral." At that Shaun began to sing

"A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight."

"Say, Parra, did you ever hear of cluain fearta? (the solitude of miracles)?" "No," said Para, "I'm a dunce. All I know is about kelp gatherers and sheep shearing; 'tis a pretty sight in June —the side door of the barn thrown open, the sunlight glistening on the streaming knives as they knelt over the panting sheep; some gathered up the fleece twisting ropes of wool with a wimble for tying them round. I can handle a ricking rod in storm as well as any. If I can't I'll kiss my thumb that I'll never taste a tint of the crathur if poteen was to rain bullocks. I can give a jig or a double shuffle with any. Tally-ho, tally-ho, but I love the tangle of sweet sounds from the bagpipes; the soft croon of the pigeon. I love the birds, the bees, the grass-hoppers; yes the munching goat and the freckled milkmaid, her hands hard from labor and her heart soft from pity. If I tell a lie may I be henpecked—and they say any one can rule a bad wife but he that has her—" "Every man to his fancy," interrupted Shaun, "as the man said when he kissed the donkey." "I'll tell ye something of St. Brendon

that will make ye trimble every inch of ye. Well, he made a wonderful voyage across the water, and when he landed he saw painted, naked men and women ating one another, howling and dancing, with axes in their hands and bloody scalps by their sides. Arrows fell like hailstones. He went into their prairie where they had their tents and wigwams. They spoke of the black robe (priest) and prayed to the sun." "Sure," said Parra, "either he saw the man in the moon or maybe the saint took a wee drop and dreamt it all." "I'm sure I don't know," said Shaun, "for it plays puck with me entirely." They now proceeded in silence till they met a Jew wearing a yellow, faded hat and thread-bare gabardine. He was all bent over and bore the guise of a cozener. They both genuflected and made the sign of the cross as they drew aside from the Christ killer, as they called him, while Parra made fun of his hooked nose. The Jew replied not, but spat out at them and passed on muttering, "They resigned the harp of Juda for the hand of Jesus." "Sure, does ye know," began Shaun, "that the women of the east cure the pox? So the monk tould me. They goes around in parties and gives it to the childer, who get up a few days well as iver." "Millia Murther," said Parra, 'was there iver the bate of that. By all the fairs, fights and dances in Ould Ireland I'd take no chances. Is it to get

rid of it by getting it? Arra, musha, I wouldn't give a strawneen for that kind of learning. If I saw me own brother down with the pox or fayver I'd run as fasht as my legs could carry me." "I'm afeerd I would too," said Shaun, "by holy Saint Bridget's rules and revelations I'd scamper. God be with Brian Boru, his word was our arrow, his breath was our sword; but my, oh my, my whistle is dry." The cloudless vaults of Heaven were bright with studs of gleaming gold and as they were now in the shade of a wild hanging wood on uneven ledges where the shaven turf was gnarled and mossed, the pendant horizon seemed the woof and wrap of fairy looms. They stood beside a lofty tree laved with limpid water from the crystal flow of a holy well, with its sweet scented and healing masses. They were halted by the hand of nature to admire her works —simple children of her universal heart. In such a spot must the love filter have been brewed which worked its charm on Trista and Isolde. "Begorra," exclaimed Shaun, "make a wish—for see the falling star." "Maybe," said Parra, "it's only a glow-worm or a will-o'-the-wisp." "'Twas more like a comet,' said Shaun; "if it isn't my betters making a ninny out o' me, or my eye's a spider's web shutting out God's light, for I'll swear by the wind I'm right. Now what do you suppose it costs to feed a garrison? At Warwick

Castle it cost Henry eleven pounds, thirteen shillings three pence for twenty quarters of bread corn, twenty shillings for twenty quarts of malt—" "Be off with figures," cried Parra, "I'll lighten the journey with a tale of blind Darra. Sure, she asked saint Bridget to show her the world. She did it for her. And guess what Dara said—is that all?" "Close my eyes again, that puts me in mind of nimid," said Shaun, "the man chosen to anoint Bridget when he heard the prophecy. He said I'll try to make her live forever. He had his hands cased in metal to keep them pure, and for the reason that he would throw the key away and sailing to a foreign shore keep Bridget alive. Well, lo and behold, one day long after he was sailing and his boat drifted back to Ireland, and there on the shore was the key, so he gave up and sought out Bridget." So the hours passed, nor did their feet weary. Parra, shoging his dudeen, said, "Sure Shaun, I feel like the left leg of a scissors—without a wife. When I get one it will be a great day for Ireland." Shaun answered, "I don't want to meddle or make in that matter—I'm no matchmaker. All I say is God bless you both. I'm not concaited, but all the girls say I'm a handsome man. By this they had reached the castle, where we will leave them to enjoy themselves.

Henry was now in deep converse with Vivi-

anus and the archbishop of Cashel. Henry's brow was dark. "Thou, Vivianus, who hast filled thy bags with gold," he said, "go—tell Nicholas Brakespere that though he is pope of Rome it ill befits Albion's monarch to bend the knee to his own subject." Vivianus smothered his wrath. Hullican of Cashel stood by. St. Laurence intervened: "King of England—" the king testily added, "and monarch of Ireland." The saint went on as if the word had not been spoken: "Remember the blood of Thomas, a Becket. A few years hense you will be before the king of kings. Do then this act of penance for thy people's good and for thine own soul's salvation. Unplume thy towering pride, nor cram these cormorants. Think of the cope of lead, of Faulks hypocrisy to St. Alban, when he carried the rod, sought absolution, gave pax vobis to the monks but no restitution, and tell me hast thou not reason for public penance? Have you not tortured men to obtain their wealth, cast them into the cruet house, burnt foul odors beneath them while their limbs were anointed? Think of the Saschenteges; their victims held down by Saracen slaves. Now Raymond and Strongbow would extort money from the bishop of Lismore; would they dare it without your connivance?" The king spake haughtily: "Thinkest thou that the King of England will fill his

shoes with scruples and kneel humbly at the tomb of his subject to be scourged by overfed monks, kiss the feet of Pope and wash those of beggars? Sangillac!—lay aside my arms and martial spirit!" "Oh, Henry," said the saint, undisturbed, "enter a monastery—respect the customs of thy children the princely Palatines of South Island; even William the Conqueror died in a monastery." "Ha," laughed Henry at his own wit, "he never should have lived there." The saint continued, "Whip out the offending Adam." Henry answered, "Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, who twice a day their withered hands hold up to Heaven to pardon blood. Laurence, I will found an abbey beyond Dublin—call it St. Thomas if you will—there, that will be sufficient amends; though Thomas was a traitor to his king. Did I not God a service when I destroyed the abused privileges of compurgation? Have I not made Waltham a royal abbey of regular canons of St. Austin, under the title of the Holy Cross, and endowed it? Have I not enriched the grey friars of St. Winifred, and endowed St. Bartholomew's priory, and will I not have mitred abbots and priors sitting by my barons in the courts of law? And they shall hold baronies, Hereto I give my hand and seal." Vivian spake: "At least you will make a pilgrimage to Rome?" "Thou ass in lion's skin," sneered Henry, "are

there not assassins lying in wait for the pilgrim? Who could pass Cremona, Milan and Parmano? I will not tempt your stilletos." Vivian gnashed his teeth, but made no further remark. "Ah," interposed the bishop of Cashel, "see, oh, Henry, the vanity of war—see the arrow with all its power of hurried flight—'tis by the skylarks little wing out measured in its flight. 'Twere no death could we but lose our sins as we do breath. Henry, I must say what I feel—not what I ought to say. The fur that warmed a monarch warmed a bear. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face. Have a care for thy soul, oh, potent ruler, for law hath its seat in the bosom of God." The mild heat of his man's oratory at last prevailed with Henry. They then sat down to feast, where Falerian wine drawn from the cellar of ruined Herculaneum was heartily partaken. Henry told Cashel in confidence that he must return to England after Christmas, as he feared the earls of Leicester and Norfolk. "These landed earls of a great menace, take the possessions of, well where the river flows and the woods wave? You know I dare not mention his name here—even in a whisper. At Warwick I charged the heiress to marry only him she loved, as she loved her king, for I will almost be in his power." They continued in fluent French to exchange confidences. Before Henry departed he promised no longer to

delay the appointment of bishops to vacant sees, from which he had received the revenue during four years. "I could kneel at your feet, holy prelate," he said, "but I take no lessons from such as Vivian. I'll have none of these Italian diplomats, time servers and hypocrites. Oh, 'tis the curse of kings to be attended by slaves who take his humors for a warrant. Yes, I'll do penance, but of my own free will, mark you! And thou, Vivian, return home, you offend my eyes." So was another king brought to Cannosa. Henry bows to Rome. Our tale is told. It remains to tell that from Cwan's and Genevieve's happy union was born Donald O'Lonargan, who after became a Cistercian monk, and was raised in his youth to the see of Cashel. When Pope Innocent II. on the 12th of April, 1219 summoned a council Donald was in Rome to join the fourth Council of Lateran, wherein his vote was given with others, uniting in the excommunication of King John of England, called Lackland. Genevieve drew the fleecy thread through her ivory fingers no longer, Cwan had sunk to slumber.

END.